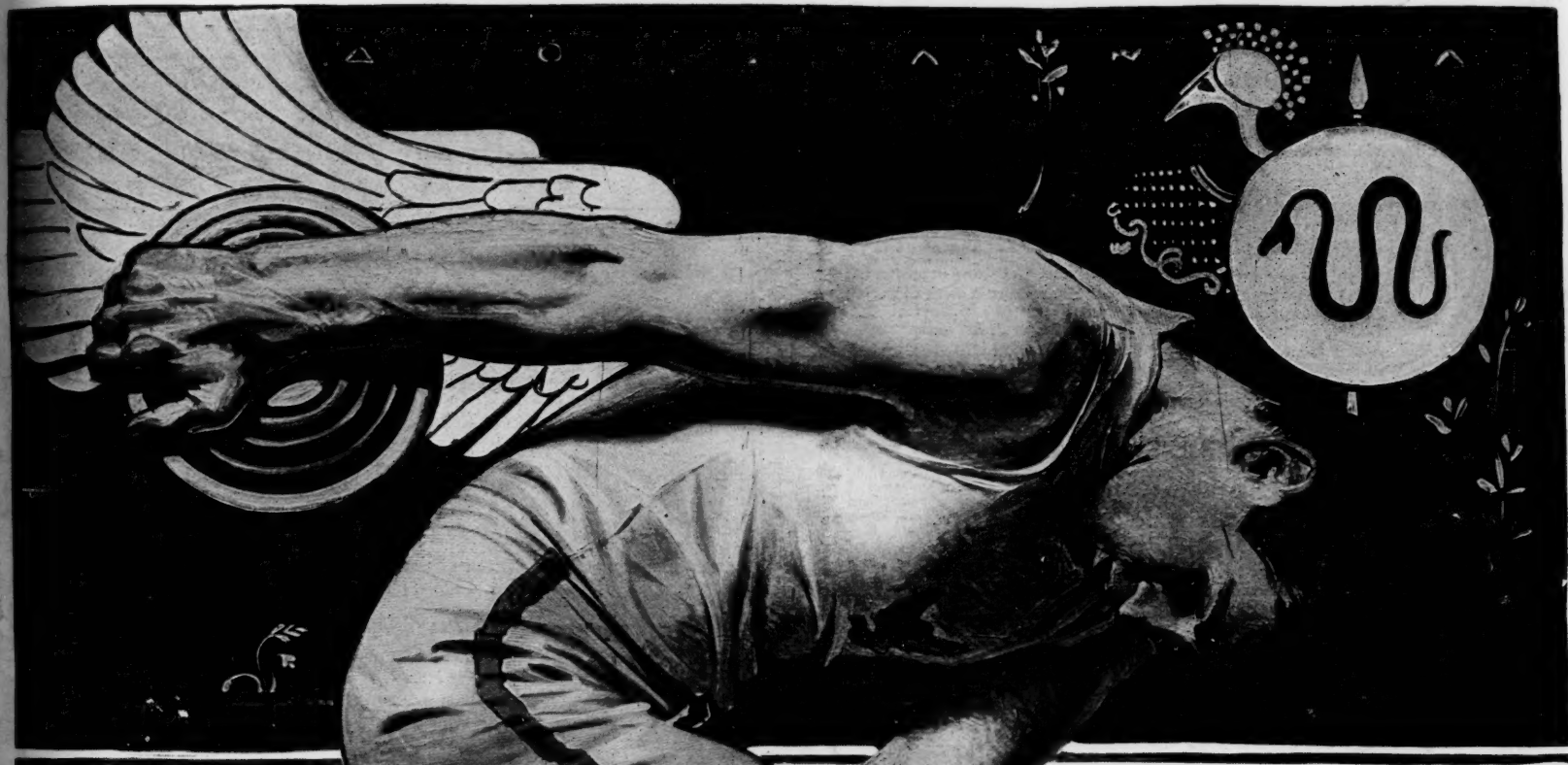


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



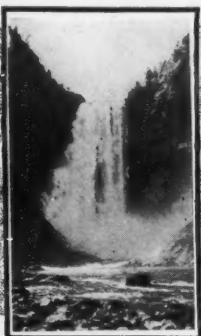
The American Victory at Athens

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VOL XXXVII NO 11

JUNE 9 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS



YELLOWSTONE

Of all the world's wonder-spots there is none so enchanting, so vast and varied, as Yellowstone National Park. Its steaming geysers, its grotesque mountains and yawning chasms attract thousands of visitors each year. To be sure of the most satisfactory train service in going to the Park, take

The Pioneer Limited

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In this famous train the highest standard of comfort, convenience and luxury is reached. It is brilliantly lighted with electricity—is the most perfectly-appointed train ever put in service. Leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, at 6.30 P. M. daily.

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This train is in addition to the Three Transcontinental Trains now being operated each way daily.

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"FINEST TRAIN IN THE WEST"

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Shooting the St. Lawrence River Rapids made even the wild heart of the Indian leap with excitement.

You can have the same delightful experience today without the risk the Indian ran in his birch bark canoe.

The St. Lawrence River Trip is of itself a splendid experience—or you can make it a part of your route to any of the Eastern Summer Resorts.

Or we can suggest a hundred different Summer Tours embracing the St. Lawrence River Trip.

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Write to the Wabash Summer Tour Department for any information you desire or for suggestions. Write today—before the rush is on.

Summer Tour Department Wabash System,
1000 Lincoln Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.

They Wear Longer Here

4 Ply Fold

SITKA-13419

Corliss-Coon Collars

are 2 for 25c., and you cannot buy better style or a better made collar no matter what you pay.

They are fitted together by hand, stitched wrong side out, turned and shaped expertly by hand, then stitched again. This way of making, though expensive, gives Corliss-Coon Collars the strength to outwear the ordinary machine process collar.

Then, where the finger points in the illustration, the corners of inside materials are cut away so the collar will fold more times in the laundry without breaking.

"Sitka" is a perfect fitting collar, and its good lines of style keep it constantly in demand. Regular sizes 12 to 18½. Quarter sizes above 13½.

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Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. T, Troy, N. Y.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

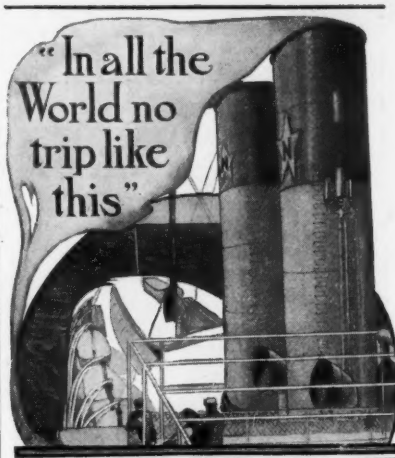
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NEW YORK SATURDAY JUNE 9 1906

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Great Lakes of America

Cool Breezes Guaranteed
NORTHERN STEAMSHIP CO'S

STEAMSHIPS

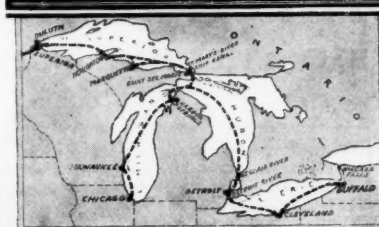
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RAIL OR STEAMSHIP

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Travelers Checks and Letters of Credit

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In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. Write for Special Offer. Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models... \$10 to \$27 with Coaster-brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires. 1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes \$7 to \$12. 500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All Makes and Models, good as new... \$3 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue. Write at once.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-54, CHICAGO

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WEAR LOOSE FITTING

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Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office

Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers
(Made of light, durable material)

AND BE COOL AND COMFORTABLE

Retail price 50 cents a garment (\$1.00 a suit)

The B. V. D. red woven label which is sewed on every garment of B. V. D. manufacture is a guarantee of correctness and fit. Accept no imitation. Free descriptive book "D" for the asking.

ERLANGER BROS., 70-72 Franklin St., New York

A REAL LAUNCH AT SMALL COST

Can be made from an ordinary canoe or row-boat by installing a

"Little Skipper" MARINE ENGINE 2 H.P. only... \$24.90

H. D. Baird's latest and greatest 2 cycle gasoline engine. Simplest, strongest, most powerful and speedy engine of its class—drives Canoe, Row-Boat or 12 to 20 ft. Launch 6 to 10 miles per hour, or a 35 ft. Sailor 3½ to 4 miles per hour as an auxiliary. Reversible—runs in either direction—anyone can install and run it—always safe and certain to go. Sold under 5 year guarantee.

Engine with Complete Boat Fittings and Accessories... \$39

Catalog FREE SAINT CLAIR MOTOR CO. Dept. 14 DETROIT, MICH.

WHEEL CHAIRS

We make a complete line of Invalid Rolling and Self-propelling Chairs, and sell direct from factory at WHOLESALE PRICES. 75 styles to select from. We pay freight and sell on 30 DAYS' TRIAL. Liberal discounts allowed to all sending for FREE Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MANUFACTURING CO., 528 Madison Ave., Toledo, Ohio

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We own and offer as wonderful bargains, 1500 typewriters which have been used just enough to put them in perfect adjustment. Better than new. Shipped on approval, free examination. 1000 new Visible Stakes machines, built to sell for \$95—our price while they last, \$45.

FREE catalogue containing unparalleled list of splendid typewriter bargains. Send for it today.

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The Empire Candy Floss Machine

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Give absolute protection from moths, dust and dampness to your furs and fine clothing during the Summer—cost less than cold storage and last a life-time.

A beautiful Wedding or Birthday present. Shipped from factory to your home on approval, freight prepaid. Write for booklet and factory prices.

PIEDMONT FURNITURE CO., Dept. M, Statesville, N. C.

Lawn Fence

30 beautiful designs cheap as wood. Large catalogue free. Special prices to churches and cemeteries.

WARD FENCE CO. Box 87 Portland, Ind.

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Pronounced "Spo-kan"

Facts about the "Spokane Country"; its rich farms, mines, lumber and milling interests; its water powers and investment opportunities. Land of grapes, peaches, apples, melons, berries. Hunting, fishing, superb scenery and delightful climate. Fine schools. Growing cities and towns. Address Dept. C, Chamber of Commerce Spokane, Wash.

The ST. JAMES

Cor. Walnut and 13th Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE IDEAL HOTEL of Philadelphia


NEW, MODERN, LUXURIOUS

European Plan. Convenient to railroad stations, shopping centers and points of general interest. Sanitary conditions throughout. Fireproof construction. All linen sterilized daily. Elegant appointments, cuisine and service strictly the best. Rooms without bath, \$2.00 per day. Rooms with bath, \$2.50 per day and upwards. Wire for accommodation at our expense.

EUGENE G. MILLER, Manager

Rice & Hutchins **THE CHARM OF ALL AMERICA**

\$4.00 and \$3.50 per pair



With Correct Toe

A Neat Patent-Oxford Model

SHOES for WOMEN

is in their undeniable grace—their unvarying quality—their comfort—their exclusive, modish styles.

They fit as though made to order. They possess these points of merit because Rice & Hutchins All America Shoes are the result of 40 years' practical, successful shoemaking.

Sold generally by reliable dealers or sent direct upon receipt of price with 25 cents extra for delivery charges.

Catalog A—For Women
Catalog B—For Men
Catalog C—Educator Shoes

FREE

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
20 High St., Boston, Mass.

Amatite ROOFING

NO EXTRAS. Everything needed to lay Amatite goes in the package, and you or the hired man or boy can lay it. It's so easy.

Amatite is wind, rain and weather proof. To summer heat and winter freezing it is alike impervious. It will give as perfect service on roofs in Panama and Alaska as here. It requires no painting nor coating and is the best ready roofing in EVERY RESPECT for the money.

Pails to catch leaks are never needed under Amatite.

TEST A SAMPLE—our nearest office will send one to you free upon request, and also mail you a copy of our booklet about it.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.
New York Chicago Cleveland St. Louis Philadelphia Cincinnati
Allegheny Minneapolis Kansas City Boston New Orleans




THE JUNE SCRIBNER

The Larger Training of the
American Army
By Capt. T. BENTLEY MOTT, U. S. A.
With Illustrations

An article pointing out certain grave defects in the training of the American Army, with many radical and practical suggestions for its more efficient service.

Charming descriptions of rural England and of singers as famous in English letters as the skylark, nightingale, redbreast, cuckoo, and many others.

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By FRANK M. CHAPMAN
With Remarkable Illustrations

These are the Indians that roamed the great plains and lived upon the once countless herds of buffalo.

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By E. S. CURTIS
With more of his wonderful Photographs

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\$3.00 A YEAR 25 CENTS A NUMBER

FREDERICK PALMER'S
Great Novel
LUCY OF THE STARS
Illustrated - - - \$1.50

The struggle, the rush, the joy, and the vigor of our life to-day live in this tale of the lives and loves of two men and two women. It is a story of the vigorous ambitions, the failures and the tremendous triumphs that come to men of this nation in politics, in business and in love, told in a quick, crisp narrative by a man of action who has seen many parts of the world.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

All Aboard **The Rapid Sight-Seeing Bus**

is the only way of taking a sight-seeing crowd through city or park to the pleasure and satisfaction of everyone.

As a means of earning money, Rapid Sight-Seeing cars are unsurpassed, as they are always in demand. For clubs and hotels, they are more convenient and economical, as well as more up-to-date, than horse-drawn vehicles. They will not only do three times the work, but cost much less to maintain.

20-Passenger Car \$2200
12-Passenger Car 1600

Every car guaranteed for one year. If you need any kind of motor car for commercial use, write me for particulars.

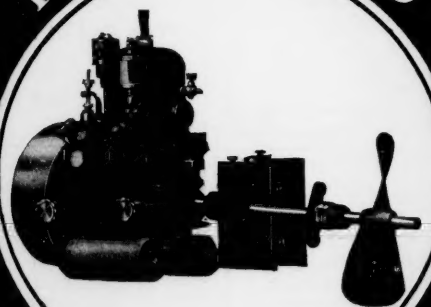
H. T. HENRY, Sales Manager
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Pontiac, Mich.



CONVERT YOUR ROWBOAT INTO A SPEED LAUNCH
DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR
NEW MODEL 1906.

1 DOLLAR 1 POUND

\$33¹⁵ **\$33¹⁵**
ENGINE ONLY ENGINE ONLY



1 1/2 HORSE POWER

**NO VALVES, NO SPRINGS
NO GEARS, NO CAMS
NO-THING TO GO WRONG**

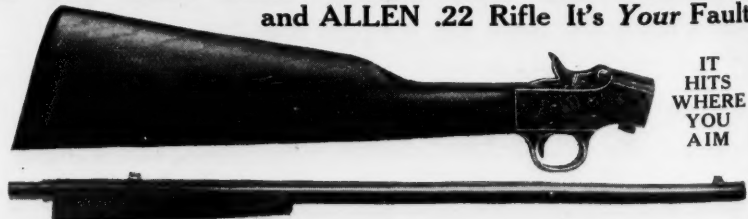
**EASY TO BUY
EASY TO INSTALL
EASY TO OPERATE**

**WE ARE BUILDING 10,000
AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR**

WRITE FOR CATALOG I-T-20 H.P.

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO. 95 E. CONGRESS ST. DETROIT MICH.

If You Don't Shoot Straight With This HOPKINS and ALLEN .22 Rifle It's Your Fault



IT HITS WHERE YOU AIM

Little and light but a wonder for hard, straight shooting. Can be taken down in a jiffy for packing in your trunk; put together again at a moment's notice. Just the thing for killing rabbits, squirrels and all small game. Can be carried all afternoon without tiring your shoulders or arms. A rifle for the whole family.


The barrel is 18 inches long and is rifled with our new patented improved quick twist which insures remarkable force and accuracy in delivering the ball. Chambered for .22 short or long rim-fire cartridges.

Has solid breech block action with automatic shell-ejector, beautiful case-hardened frame and handsomely finished American Walnut stock with hard rubber butt plate. Weight, 3 1/2 pounds. The most serviceable little rifle made.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$3.50 and we will deliver it to you free of charge. This Rifle is inspected and tested before it leaves the factory. No better Rifle was ever sold at the same price.

Send for the fascinating story "My First Rifle," by the famous rifle expert Capt. Jack O'Connell and our illustrated catalogue of rifles, revolvers and shotguns, free on request. We make the largest and finest general line of firearms in the world. Address Dept. 14

HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO. Norwich, Conn.
Makers of the Celebrated Hopkins & Allen Schuetzen Rifle



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



NURSE: "If I can only manage to skin out and go home without fussin' with those other brats, I'll be thankful"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Thomas Holme Branch.



IF BRYAN IS NOMINATED, as now seems probable, the Democratic Party will mean that it trusts the spirit more than it distrusts the letter; trusts his seriousness and devotion to the average man more than it distrusts an intellect which often goes astray after shallow remedies. Events have helped him more than he has helped himself, but he has not been without his share in bringing his party's opinion around in his direction. His support of the President was one astute and large-minded decision, and his calm and judicious essay on Socialism was another. The feeling of the country, however, that the railroads have partly triumphed in the Rate bill contest, and that the vested interests control the tariff, and that money generally is the ruling power, is what helps BRYAN most. Next to that, perhaps, is the feeling of loyalty that is strong in human-kind. His very defeats, in his campaigns, and especially in the buncoed convention of 1904, have left him stronger with the Middle-Western voters, who have always been the basis of his strength. Feeling that he has never had a fair opportunity, that he had more votes than McKINLEY in one election, that life insurance and other corporation money is now shown clearly to have been used in large sums to compass his defeat, and that the men who dominated the convention of 1904 were corporation servants as thorough as ALDRICH himself, the BRYAN following is looking eagerly for a contest on more even terms.

SHADOWS
BEFORE

LOVE OF FAIR PLAY accounts for many acts of men. There is something of Quixote in the electorate. Although the election of TAYLOR in Tennessee is attributed generally to spectacular campaign methods, we heard a wise new-school politician predict the victory months ago, on the ground that the people of Tennessee did not believe that TAYLOR in years gone by had had fair play and they wished now to make up to him for what they deemed the treachery of the past. It is not always easy to predict in which scale this chivalry of the public will throw its weight. In the most dramatic instance of recent weeks, the falling out between Democratic leaders and the President, the general love of honest and even combat may ultimately be found on either side. The President's habit of calling scores of honorable journalists and honest politicians by such names as deliberate and unqualified liars as soon as their remarks prove inconvenient to him may shock the public sense of fairness, since it is an abuse of high official power at the expense of humbler citizens. This chivalry of the public is full as likely, however, in the long run to pass lightly over this example of incorrect behavior and fix its attention on the fact that the President is one man fighting against a number of individuals and octopi, strongly entrenched, with every advantage of position.

CHIVALRY

GOVERNOR FOLK'S HABIT of going to the root of a matter, and trusting in the justice of his position for the consequences, was shown again when he called the tax on personal property a tax on conscience, and said it encouraged perjury, penalized honesty, failed to reach the tax dodger, and discouraged investment. A citizen of Missouri was arrested and fined for making a false return, but the Governor, while believing in enforcing the law as it stands, believes also in changing laws that are injurious or unjust. The whole tax system, from the tariff to the tax on personal property, will have ultimately to be revised. A commission to consider this subject is at work in Missouri, and also in New York, where tax-dodging reaches its most magnificent proportions. A similar commission is talked about in Massachusetts, although Massachusetts has gone through such investigations with frequency but without result. They serve, nevertheless, to stir the subject, and everything the public is learning about taxation is preparing the way for some far-reaching alterations.

EQUAL
BURDENS

MISSOURI ENFORCEMENT of the law is in a fair way to become proverbial. Since the lynching at Springfield, the grand jury has been in session continuously, with an Assistant Attorney-General, assigned by the Governor, in charge. The affair is being rigidly investigated, by secret service men as well as by the grand jury. That a number of indictments will

be returned against the leaders of the mob there seems to be no doubt. These men will be tried for murder and the trials will be no joke. There will be no escape through popular sympathy if the prosecuting officers can prevent it. They will do everything in their power to have men who are guilty of lynching treated with no more leniency than is shown to any other form of murder. No more wholesome convictions could possibly be secured, and the Governor has hope of accomplishing enough to be a lesson to mobs both South and North.

ONE FORM
OF MURDER

MR. HUGHES'S DECLARATION that he personally would rather take insurance in a New York company compelled to transact business under restrictions growing out of the investigations, than in any company not so restricted, ought to be the best answer to fears sometimes expressed about future business. According to this alarm, fostered by financiers accustomed to use in speculation the enormous assets of the big three, almost any reform, but especially the restriction of expenses incurred in the acquisition of new business, will raise the price of insurance to the policy-holder, and even endanger the future of the companies. That this alarm is factitious, and that the reforms can injure nobody but the Wall Street speculative millionaires, will be made more clear to the multitude of policy-holders, far from the scene of action, when a man with the knowledge, character, and reputation of Mr. HUGHES speaks with such decision about the benefit to the ordinary investor.

SAFETY IN
INSURANCE

SPACE IS WELCOME always in these columns where it will surely help forward any improvement of importance. The following is part of a letter which will explain itself:

"I notice that you include the Natural Food Company in the list of those who 'enable "Town Topics" still to drag along.' It just happens that 'Town Topics' is one of the publications which were crossed off the list last fall when arranging our advertising campaign for 1906. This was long before your little scrap with Colonel MANN and before the character of his publication had been commented upon so widely and freely. If we are entitled to any credit for keeping out of the publication it seems rather cruel to have you class us among those who are helping to support it. If Shredded Wheat is advertised in 'Town Topics' it is without our authority or assent and no bill is rendered for it. Very truly yours,

"T. A. DEWEESE, Director of Publicity
"For the Natural Food Company."

If the advertisements of the Natural Food Company which appeared in "Town Topics" on January 4 and January 18 were unauthorized, this is another case, of which several have come to our notice, in which that remarkable periodical inserts advertising without authority. Sometimes it sends in the bill, which is paid on the same principle as any other blackmail. Now, however, that the business of the paper is falling to pieces, a large number of unauthorized and unpaid-for advertisements may be expected, inserted in the endeavor to disguise from the business world the full weight of the blow that is being dealt by the public conscience. The New York Telephone Company sends us word that it stopped its patronage of "Town Topics" on March 1. It may be as well to mention here a number of persons and firms that appeared in January or February, but not between then and the present writing:

AND STILL
THEY COME

Anheuser-Busch Co.
Baltimore & Ohio
Chesapeake & Ohio
Electric Vehicle Co.
Hollander & Tangeman
Huyler's
Laurel House
Liebig's Extract

McIlhenny's Tabasco
Martell's Brandy
Maxwell-Briscoe
The George N. Pierce Co.
Southern Palm Limited
Surburg Co.
United Fruit Co.

"AM I INACCURATE," asks Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the "Springfield Republican," "in asserting that the political thralldom of the American press has been succeeded by a commercial thralldom more insidious and more dangerous to the welfare of society?" Mr. BOWLES cites the instance of the campaign preceding the State election in Massachusetts last year, when the Governor of the Commonwealth, who happened to be a large general advertiser in his private business, sent out an interview to the newspapers through an advertising agency which requested its publication in full, and added: "If you do, we will



be able to give you some extra advertising during the coming year that will more than offset the value of the space that you give this article, outside of its value as news." "Sometimes," testified a Missouri editor, at the whisky ring trial during GRANT'S Presidency, "I am paid for putting things in the paper, and sometimes I am paid for leaving things out of the paper." An instance of the latter method of acquiring wealth comes to us in a letter from the business manager of the St. Louis "Star-Chronicle," who incloses a clipping which, he says, "ought to convince the most skeptical that there is at least one independent newspaper in St. Louis." The clipping is an editorial, relating that GEORGE M. WRIGHT, of the William Barr Dry Goods Company, has ordered his advertising suspended in the

MARCHING
FORWARD

"Star-Chronicle" because it reported the arrest of his chauffeur for reckless driving. The other papers, according to WRIGHT, did not use the story. This is all very well. We do not know how much the Barr Company advertised in the "Star-Chronicle." We do know something about its patent medicine and quack advertising. The case of the city of St. Louis against one of the papers (in reality against all of them), for publishing improper medical advertising, comes up, on demurrer and on the merits, on June 15. If the "Star-Chronicle" publishes those proceedings in full its claim to independence will be more fully established. We trust it will. The thralldom of which Mr. BOWLES speaks does exist, but an effort is being made to shake it off, and this effort, according to our observation, promises success.

WARFARE UPON DISEASE is sadly lacking in qualities of picturesqueness. Its call to action sounds no trumpet blare to inspire the minds of men with sudden and fierce enthusiasms. Patient and hardy optimism, far-seeing enough to look beyond immediate reverses, is the soldier-like quality demanded for its service. The more honor to the growing army enlisted in the battle against the most dreaded, the most wasteful, the most needless, the most destructive, and, as was believed only a few years ago, the most hopeless of all diseases, tuberculosis. Four hundred representatives of these volunteers gathered in Washington last month at the meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and in this discussion of ways and means of combating the Great White Plague there was disclosed an array of forces more formidable, perhaps, than the most hopeful had realized. Not medical bodies alone were found in the line of battle, but labor organizations, national religious societies, club federations, churches, and schools. The National Government testified to its allegiance by its wise and humane rules, recently put in force in every branch of Federal employment, for the control of the disease. The newspapers of the

PLAGUE
FIGHTERS

country, it was announced, had shown themselves unselfishly ready to lend the power of their columns to the purposes of public enlightenment. Ten State organizations already in existence, with eight more in process of formation; twenty-five independent local organizations, and forty special local committees, scattered in all parts of the country, are but the nucleus of the army of coming years. No easy victory is in prospect. The tuberculosis germ is strongly entrenched. In New York City alone there are fifteen thousand victims to-day who will die because they were not taught how to avoid consumption, and because now there is no place to give them proper care. To overcome such conditions means a long and slow fight, a brave fight, and an unselfish one. Help and hope for the stricken consumptive, security and protection for all; these are the standards of the warfare. If ever for the moment we feel ourselves developing a gloomy view of human progress, such a movement as the anti-tuberculosis campaign plants our saner judgment sturdily on its feet again.

A SILLY
VOLUME

IDLE TALES SURVIVE. Despite of Darwinism, in its loose and popular interpretation, the unfit often shows a singular ability to remain alive. If anything in history is clear, it is that WASHINGTON, who probably could not have been King had he desired, was entirely opposed to monarchy, in spite of HAMILTON and other strong influences surrounding him. He was far more jealous for liberty and a sound foundation for the new Government than he was for high authority for

himself. Yet the few slight and feeble hints of contemporary hostile faction, that he shared the monarchical views of HAMILTON, and wished to wear the crown himself, ridiculous and inevitable as they seem to any competent historian of the times, are enough occasionally to set inadequate brains in motion. A treatise now lies upon our desk, called "Did Washington Aspire to be King?" answering the question in the affirmative, and demonstrating in its pages nothing so completely as the occasional thoroughness of human folly.

KIPLING IN SPORTIVE MOOD told recently of a man who, in ancient times, achieved a deed of note, but when he arose to narrate it, could not speak a word. Thereupon another man arose and told, and his words became alive, and walked about. And thereupon the man was killed, the tribe being afraid of living words, and fearing the man who could utter them might bear false witness to posterity. To-day criticism of the historian takes a form that is less terrible, but we are still stricter with the writer than with other men. The amount of criticism that is permitted upon a judge who makes bad law, or a surgeon who performs a bad operation, or a manufacturer who prepares imperfect food, is—especially under the stricter libel laws of England—far more limited than the very free amount which may be hurled at any book. The world, Kipling explains, recognizes that little things, like bad law, bad surgery, and bad food, only affect the cheapest commodity that we know about—human life. Therefore, in these circumstances, men can afford to be swayed by pity for the offender, by interest in his family, by fear, or loyalty, or even a desire to do him justice. "But when the question is of words—words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers—it is then that this world of ours, which is disposed to take an interest in the future, feels instinctively that it is better that a thousand innocent people should be punished rather than that one guilty word should be preserved, carrying that which is an untrue tale of the tribe." There have been many long essays written on criticism and its laws, but Kipling has succeeded, as far as our knowledge goes, in a mere after-dinner speech, in contributing a new touch, in adding a really new thought, to one of the eternal topics about which men think and write.

CRITICISM

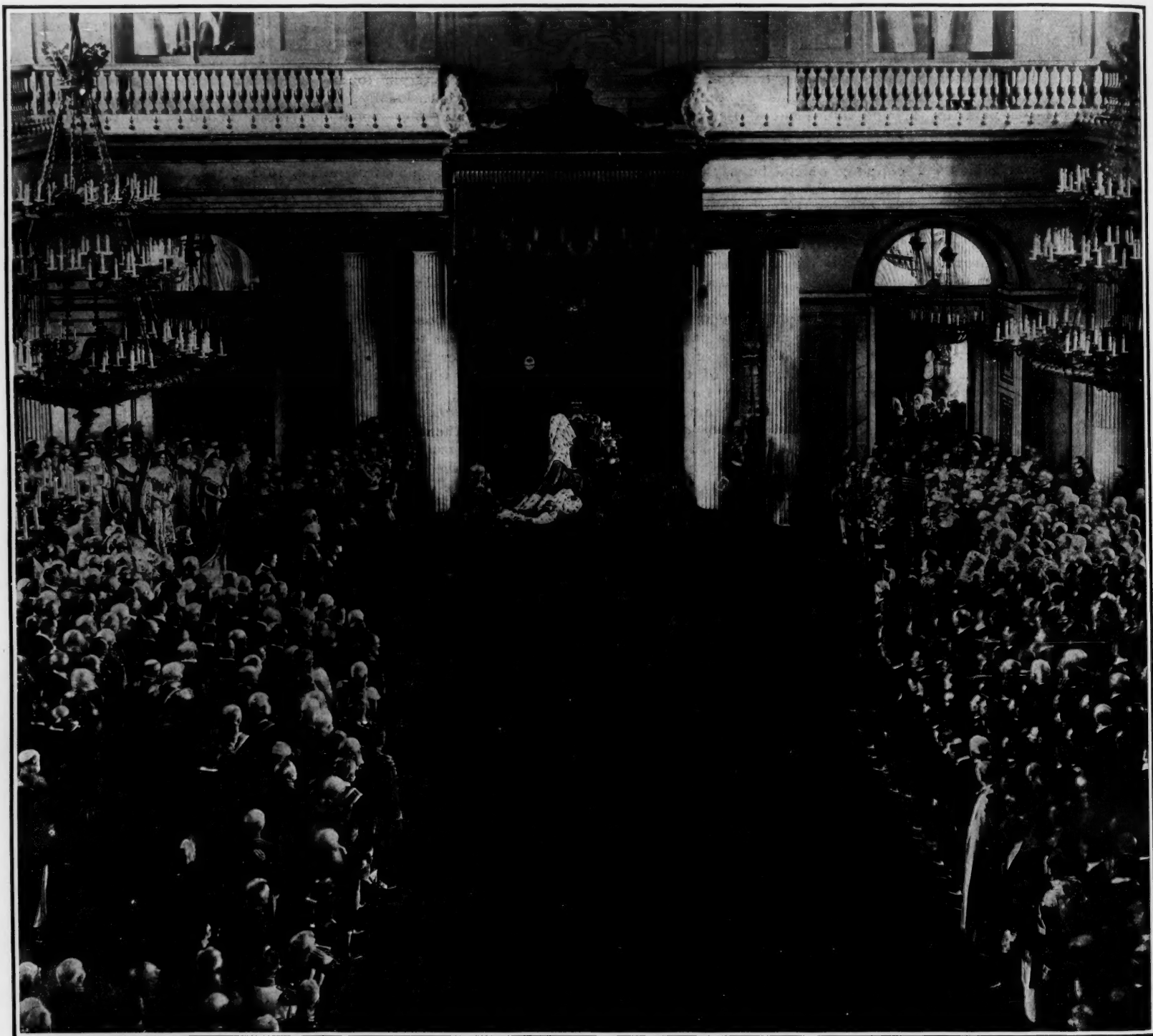
ART IN AMERICA progresses rapidly. Wealth, ambition, and intelligence will almost inevitably cause in the arts a notable expression of our nation's life. Episodes like the frequent purchase by our millionaires of masterpieces held abroad encourage our development, and if it were possible to break down the ignorant tariff prohibition against this branch of pleasure and education a new impetus would be given to the acquisition of old masters while they may yet be bought. The progress made in our home art, both in production and in appreciation, can be seen in certain recent monuments. A large part of our statues, being military, have been controlled by military bodies. The Vicksburg competition is an example of the method that nearly always shows good results. The Von Steuben monument at Washington will show that, apart from the very famous, there are at least six or seven men in this country of distinguished ability in monumental sculpture, and there will be more of them just as soon as the people learn to prefer artists to monument contractors, and to leave the awards to committees of artists, whose findings shall not be overturned.

FAIRNESS
TO ARTISTS

The Macomb competition has been particularly well managed. Contrast such cases as the Von Steuben and Macomb competitions, where young and unknown but able sculptors and architects are judged finally and fairly by committees of distinguished artists, with the Sherman monument at Washington. Men like SAINT GAUDENS, WARD, POST, WARNER, and FRENCH gave that order to TRUMAN BARTLETT, and they were overruled by the Lay Committee, composed of officers who, let us hope, know more about fighting than they do about sculpture. The result, of which the inferiority can now be seen, is less bad than it would have been if death had not removed the soldiers' first choice, a workman of almost unexampled badness. As artists who are already famous receive their orders direct, philistine committees do not affect them. It is the young men who are injured and discouraged by having their work judged, not by the most eminent of their own profession, but by aldermen and major-generals.

CZAR AND PEASANT MEET

OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA IN THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG



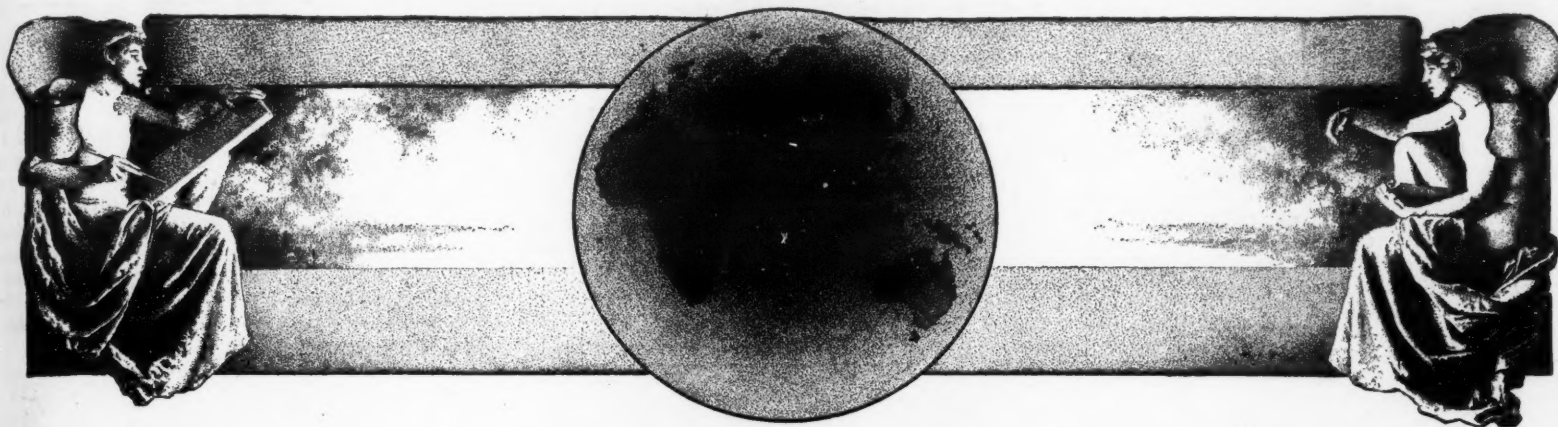
RUSSIA'S first Parliament was opened by the Czar in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg on May 10, after which the members were taken by water to the Tauride Palace, where their regular sessions are held. The Parliament consists of two houses, the upper, or Council of the Empire, being composed chiefly of officials and aristocrats, and the lower, or Duma, of members chosen by electors, who are themselves elected by restricted classes of voters. The Duma is almost solidly radical, and about half the members are peasants. In describing the gorgeous ceremony at the Winter Palace, Dr. E. J. Dillon says in the London "Telegraph": "An imperial mantle of ermine and purple was thrown negligently over the seat reserved for the Czar. . . . Ten bishops, literally swathed in heavy gold brocade, looking like great Russian or Byzantine ikons galvanized into life, passed ungracefully into the throne-room. . . . The commoners on the left-hand side of the



throne closed up all the spaces between individuals, coalescing into one black mass, the white sheepskin tunics of the Polish peasant and the purple robes of the Polish prelate being swallowed up in the sombre hue of frock-coats. The Russian muzhiks, in their long tunics and high and often evil-smelling boots, moved forward toward the passage down the middle of the hall, eager to get a glimpse of the Little Father."

The Czar "glided in softly and almost imperceptibly, attired in a dark greenish military uniform, which looked almost ugly by comparison with the magnificent uniforms of the courtiers and dignitaries. His size, too, was against him in an assembly consisting of men tall enough to pass as descendants of Og, King of Bashan. . . . The Czar followed the movements of the prelate attentively, crossing himself devoutly, and standing the while between the two Empresses, perceptibly the smallest figure of the three." He inspired no awe

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE revelations of corruption in the relations between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the coal companies have been carried so high that President Cassatt has been forced to cut short his European trip and return home to deal with them. ¶The investigation into the business methods of the Standard Oil Company continues to uncover underhand devices resorted to by the trust to ruin its competitors. ¶The Senate has passed a drastic Meat Inspection law as a rider to the Agricultural Appropriation bill. ¶The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has decided that George W. Perkins was not guilty of larceny in using the funds of the New York Life Insurance Company for political purposes. ¶The Senate has passed a radical bill for the further restriction of immigration, and also the measure abolishing the internal revenue tax on denatured alcohol. ¶Mr. Ryan has proposed a plan for the mutualization of the Equitable Assurance Society. Minority stock interests oppose the scheme. ¶Most of the members of the Civic Federation's commission for the investigation of public ownership who had not already

started on their mission sailed for Europe on May 22. ¶Henrik Ibsen died May 23. ¶Edward Payson Weston, the veteran pedestrian, walked from Philadelphia to New York, ninety-six miles, on May 23, at the age of sixty-eight, in twenty-three hours and thirty-one minutes, beating his own record of twenty-three hours and forty-nine minutes made in 1863. ¶Mr. Charles E. Hughes informed the Life Underwriters' Association of New York on May 22 that there was no need for campaign contributions or financial magnates in the insurance business. ¶Complete union between the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Church in the United States was effected on May 24. ¶The transfer of the fortresses at Esquimalt and Halifax to Canadian garrisons was completed May 25, leaving no British soldiers on duty on the mainland of North America. ¶In a debate in the British House of Lords on May 25 it was stated on behalf of the Government that the reduction of armaments was practicable, and that Great Britain was willing to cooperate with other Powers in that direction, although she could not begin disarming alone.

CORPORATIONS ON THE RACK

THE Interstate Commerce Commission is operating a double action motor muck-rake of unusual power. Dividing into two sections, it has been investigating at the same time the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Company, with startling results.

In the railroad investigation at Philadelphia it was shown that the corrupt relations between the Pennsylvania officials and certain favored coal companies extended throughout the system, from little freight agents and yardmasters who accepted cash tips of from five dollars to twenty dollars at a time, all the way up to the immediate vicinity of President Cassatt's office. At the hearing on May 24 Mr. William A. Patton, assistant to Mr. Cassatt, admitted that he had acquired 6,140 shares of stock, of the par value of \$307,000, in a number of coal companies, without payment. He also had seven hundred shares more that he had paid for. He explained that these holdings were obtained, not with any expectation of favors in return, but merely as a matter of friendship. "Friendship," he told the investigators, "goes a good ways." Mr. Patton thought that his superior officers, including President Cassatt, knew of his ownership of coal stock, since "it was generally known."

Coal Shares for Everybody

Coal stock seems to have circulated through the Pennsylvania system as freely as caramels through a young ladies' seminary. While Mr. Patton was getting his six thousand shares in the way of friendship, he passed along a hundred shares to his chief clerk, J. N. Purviance. Mr. Purviance got in all 770 shares of free stock, valued at \$38,500, and his total holdings amounted to 1,130 shares. An assistant trainmaster, Frederick Vrooman, admitted having received cash presents of from \$5 to \$20 from various coal companies. He did not recall having granted any favors in return. When asked why he had taken the money he responded: "Well, if there was money to be given out I was there to take it." That, he explained, was still his position, and always had been. Mr. Samuel Rea, third

vice-president of the Pennsylvania, told of his participation in syndicate transactions in coal enterprises.

The effect of these innocent partnerships between common carriers and some of their patrons was explained by other patrons who were out of the friendly, stock-distributing circle. It was alleged by several witnesses that the Berwind-White Coal Company, commonly known as a "Cassatt company," could always depend upon lavish favors from the Pennsylvania when its competitors could not even get common justice. C. A. Buck, the manager of the Columbia Coal Company, testified that a scarcity of cars had almost driven his company out of business. While the Pennsylvania was receiving cars by the hundred for the Berwind-White Company, and holding them until they should be needed, the Columbia was begging in vain for its current supply. F. A. Von Boyneburgh, the general manager for Reakirt Brothers & Co., testified that inability to secure cars had practically ruined the business of that company. For two years and a half its mines had been operated at a loss. It had used 4,100 cars in 1901, but had been able to get only 522 in 1905. This witness said that he believed the Pennsylvania had been adopting a systematic policy of "freeze-out" in the interest of favored companies, and that President Cassatt had been responsible. To the question why he had not been so favored himself, he responded: "I suppose because I didn't give the railroad officials shares of stock in our company."

The revelations of the Pennsylvania's iniquity have deeply pained the Reading's president, Mr. George F. Baer, the representative of those Christian gentlemen to whom Providence had committed the property interests of the nation. At a dinner in Philadelphia, on May 22, Mr. Baer spoke regretfully of the lowering of American ideals of business, made evident by "the facts that confront us every day regarding the graft and unprincipled conduct of the officers of great corporations." He admitted, however, that there was one exception to the general demoralization. The Reading was honest.

The testimony in the Standard Oil investigation

continues to accumulate evidence of the unscrupulous methods employed by that corporation to ruin its rivals, and of the favoritism it has enjoyed from common carriers. A new development is the discovery of a private Standard Oil telegraph system, and of arrangements by which the Standard has been kept acquainted with the messages of its rivals.

A Knockout for the Beef Trust

The Beef Trust received a staggering blow on May 25, when the Senate, without debate and without a dissenting vote, passed Senator Beveridge's Meat Inspection bill as an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill. This measure extends to domestic consumers the benefits of inspection which have heretofore been confined to foreign buyers, and takes radical means to make the inspection effective. It requires the presence of inspectors at the packing plants day and night, forbids the acceptance of meat for interstate transportation unless it is properly certified, compels the inspectors to see that condemned articles are destroyed, and provides severe penalties for violation of its requirements. The passage of this measure shows that the pen is sometimes more powerful than the check-book, for in this case the colossal resources of the Beef Trust have been defeated by a young man with a bottle of ink. The whole trouble was started by Mr. Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle." The President sent investigators to test Mr. Sinclair's statements and accumulated a supply of ammunition. It was intimated that the facts discovered would be embodied in a special message. Thereupon the trust induced a number of cattle-growers to send telegrams saying that the agitation was injuring the American cattle business, and urging the President to drop it. This gave the Administration its opportunity. Senator Beveridge allowed it to be understood that the passage of his inspection bill would make the threatened message unnecessary. If the bill should be opposed, he would have to give out facts that would stir the country. In panic the opposition suddenly collapsed.

CONGRESS AT WORK

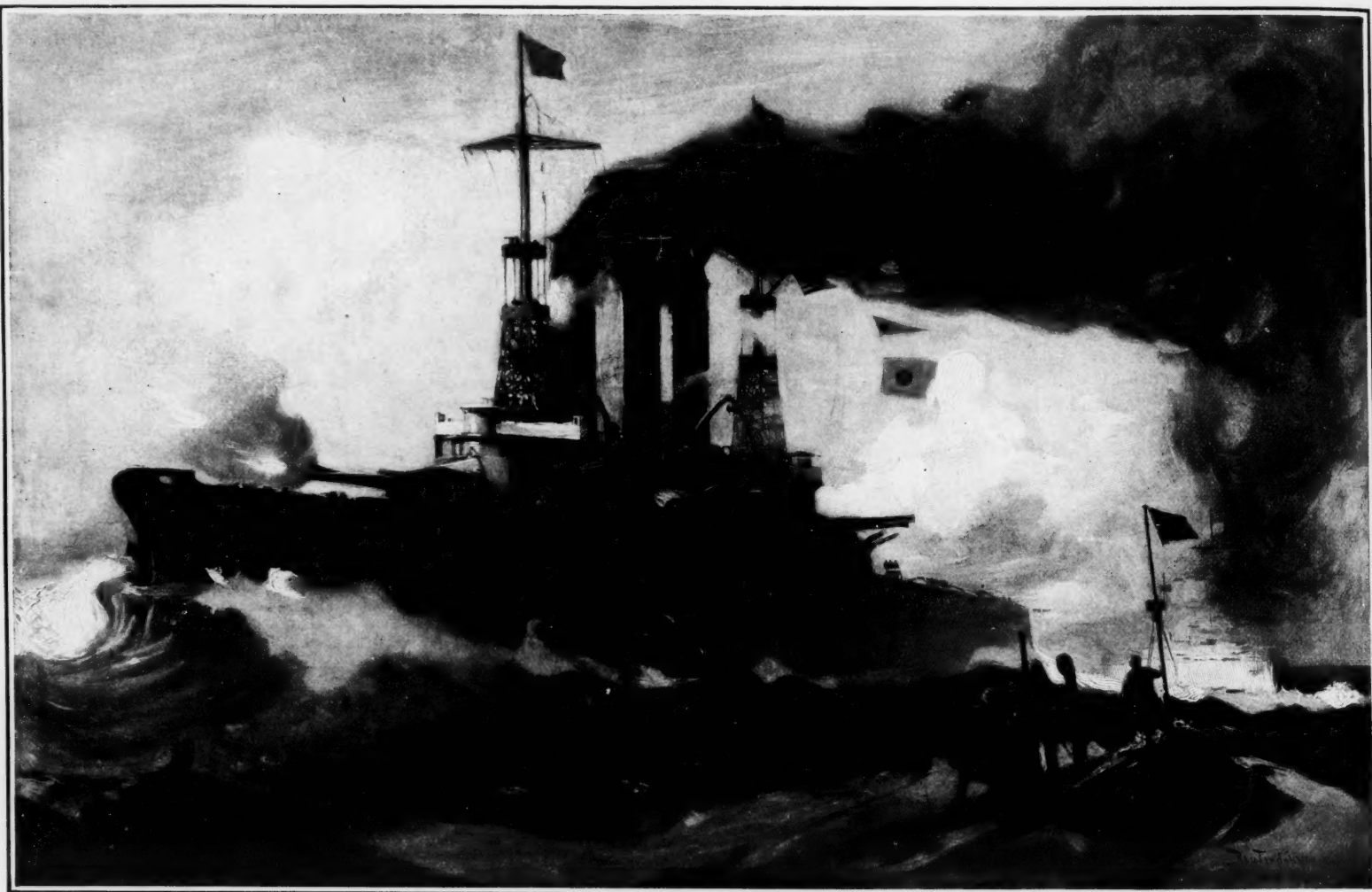
WITH the passage of the Rate bill in the Senate and the approach of the dog-days the Congressional machinery has been speeded up. After over two months of talk the Senate proceeded to act, and one of the first results of its new activity was the longest step we have yet taken in the direction of the regulation of immigration. On May 23 it passed the Immigration bill, which provides, among other things, that no alien over fifteen years old shall be admitted to the United States unless he is able to read, except that a person already in the country or entitled to enter may bring in his wife, his children under eighteen, or his parents or

drich's Finance Committee on May 23. The date on which this measure is to take effect has been postponed until January 1. After that time we may expect to see automobiles, launches, and stationary engines run by alcohol power, and alcohol lamps giving a brilliant illumination with incandescent mantles, while thousands of acres of land now unproductive are devoted to the profitable cultivation of potatoes and corn stalks, and the old trade in rum and molasses on which so many respectable New England fortunes were built is revived in a new and morally unobjectionable form.

The deadlock on the Statehood question has been broken by the practical surrender of Speaker Cannon. Oklahoma and the Indian Territory are to come in as one State and Arizona and New Mexico are to vote separately on the question of joint admission, which insures the rejection of that

EQUITABLE REFORMS

AS the life insurance revolution began with the Equitable scandal, it is fitting that the Equitable should take the lead in reforms. On May 23 President Paul Morton announced that the promise of mutualization voluntarily made by Mr. Ryan when he secured control of the Society was about to be fulfilled by the submission of an amended charter, providing that twenty-eight directors should be elected at the annual meeting next December, and that thereafter the directors chosen by the policy-holders should always constitute a majority of the board. A majority of the present directors, it is explained, are policy-holders



THE PROMISED AMERICAN BATTLESHIP—TO BE THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD

The 20,000-ton battleship authorized by the new Naval Appropriation bill will be 510 feet long and 80 feet beam, with an armor belt a foot thick in the middle, tapering to six inches at the ends, and an intermediate belt amidships 11 inches thick. Her speed is to be of from 18 to 20 knots. She will dispense with medium sizes of guns, having twelve 12-inch weapons in low turrets with inclined fronts of 12-inch armor, a secondary battery of forty 14 or 20 pounder quick-firers, and four submerged torpedo tubes. Such a ship at 10,000 yards could easily destroy five battleships the size of our "Indiana"

grandparents over fifty. What this would mean in the way not only of reducing the volume but of changing the character of our immigration may be realized from a glance at last year's returns. In the fiscal year 1905, out of 1,026,499 immigrants admitted, 230,882 were persons over fourteen years old and unable to read or write. Of these 95,407 were South Italians, and their exclusion would have cut that class of immigration in two, scaling it down from 186,390 to 90,983, and reducing it from first to second place in rank. There were 33,167 Poles who could not read or write, 22,770 Hebrews, 12,788 Croats and Slavonians, 11,554 Slovaks, 8,513 Ruthenians, 7,606 Lithuanians, and 4,828 Magyars. On the other hand there were only 493 illiterate English, 75 Scotch, 1,445 Irish, 2,813 Germans, and 157 Scandinavians. Of the 230,882 persons who could neither read nor write 217,691 came from Southern and Eastern Europe and Asiatic Turkey, and only 13,191 from all the rest of the world. The rule embodied in the bill passed by the Senate would leave the volume of immigration from Northern and Western Europe practically unaffected while cutting off nearly a third of that from the South and East.

The industrious Senate has also ceased to obstruct the bill for the abolition of the taxes on denatured alcohol, which was favorably reported by Mr. Al-

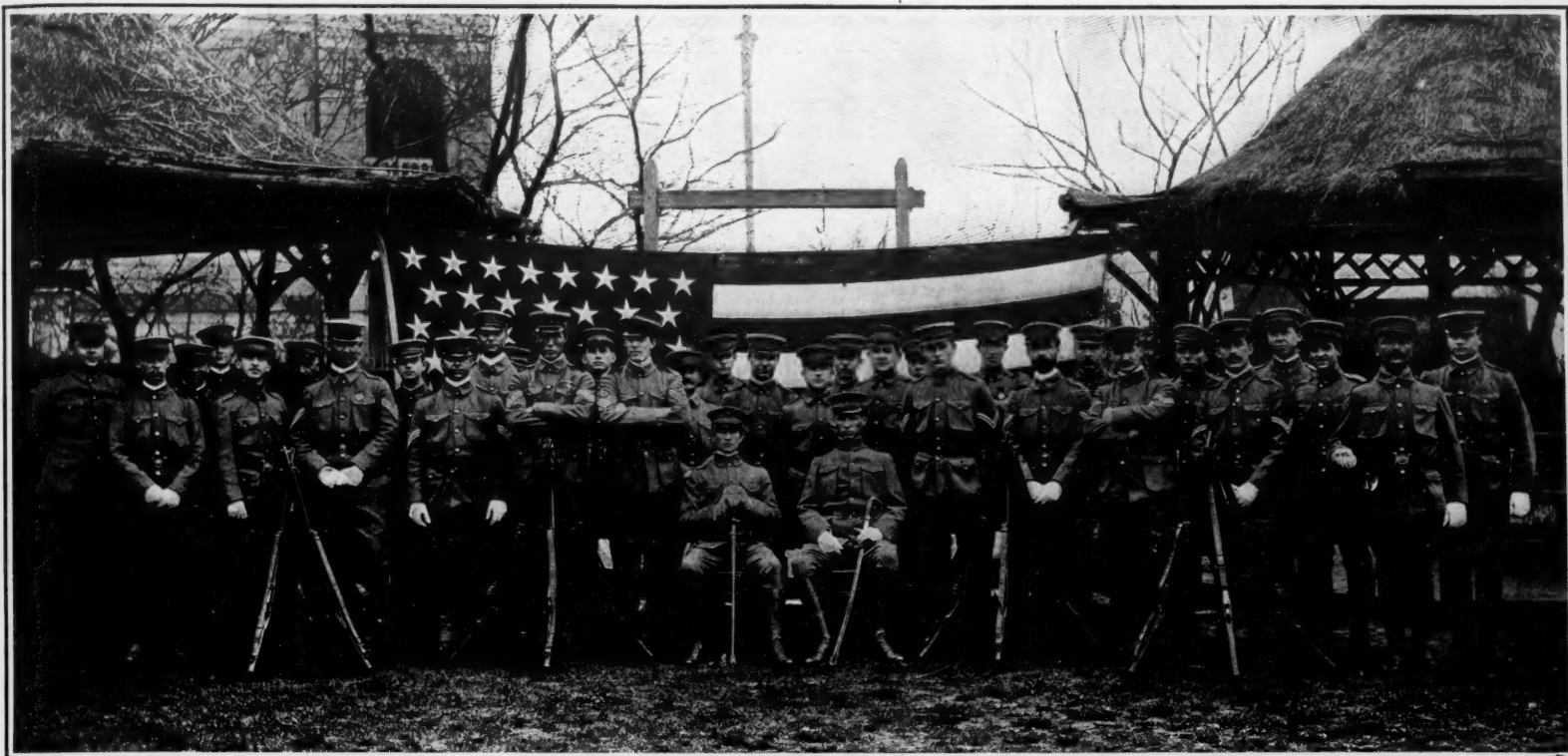
proposition. Senator Foraker threatened to have the Oklahoma measure attached to one of the appropriation bills if no agreement could be reached in any other way. The pressure from the constituents of Western Representatives in favor of immediate justice to Oklahoma and the Indian Territory has become irresistible.

There seems no prospect of any tariff legislation at this session of Congress. The House Committee on Ways and Means has refused for the third time to consider Representative Williams's bill to reduce to one hundred per cent all duties in excess of that modest figure. The Senate shows no disposition to take up the subject of doing justice to the Filipinos, even in the form of a compromise, allowing the tariff to stand at fifty per cent of the Dingley rates. A desultory tariff discussion has been going on in the House in preparation for the fall campaign, the Democrats taking every opportunity to point out the injustices and absurdities of the present schedules, and the "stand-pat" leaders of the Republicans dwelling upon the prosperity that has accompanied high protection. Representative Landis, of Indiana, was particularly eloquent in his descriptions of "the Democratic rinderpest of thirteen years ago," at a time when, as he forgot to mention, the McKinley tariff was in force.

elected upon the recommendation of the Cleveland trustees after consultation with the policy-holders at large. This indirect method of choice was necessary under the old laws, the Lord injunction restraining the Society from mutualizing itself directly; but since the passage of the Armstrong laws that obstacle no longer exists, and the Society can be made mutual in name as well as in fact.

In a letter to COLLIER'S Mr. Morton states that the economies and savings of the new administration now amount to more than \$1,200,000 a year, which, on a four per cent basis, is equivalent to an additional investment of \$30,000,000. "In addition to this," he proceeds, "more than \$1,000,000 has been saved to the Society through the recovery of money improperly paid out, or the disavowal of obligations improperly incurred. Suits have been instituted, or are being prepared, for the recovery of other large amounts, and steps are being taken to increase the Society's revenues from sources which have not been as profitable as they should have been."

Mr. Morton states that the Equitable's cash carried in banks and trust companies has been reduced from \$36,000,000 to less than \$10,000,000, that the difference has been invested in real estate and other securities paying four per cent or more, and that on the greatly reduced cash bal-



AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN A CHINESE TREATY PORT

The new military company organized by the American residents of Shanghai after the riots of last December, and attached to the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. The corps has in all 720 active and 250 reserve members, divided among units recruited from the citizens of the various nations represented in Shanghai, and all commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel detailed from the British army. It contains infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and has reached a regular-army standard of efficiency. There are about 2,000 Americans in Shanghai.

ances the rate of interest has been increased one-half of one per cent. From these items the Society has increased its income by about \$600,000 a year.

Mr. Morton laments that while the investigations demonstrated the solvency of the leading companies, many small policy-holders were frightened into sacrificing their protection. In the Equitable over twenty-seven thousand policies for \$1,000 or less were allowed to lapse, while only one for \$250,000 was surrendered, and that has since been restored. Many of the small policy-holders who were seized with groundless panic have died, leaving their families destitute. This was a calamity which nothing in last year's revelations should have caused. The president of the Equitable gives assurances that while he opposed some of the new laws, "they will be complied with in letter and spirit." "I believe in the fullest measure of publicity," he adds. "... The Equitable will not make contributions to political campaigns nor for any other purpose. ... I am unalterably opposed to lobbying, or to the payment of anything which has about it so much as a suspicion of blackmail."

CIVIC EXPLORERS

TEN members of the commission appointed by the Civic Federation to study municipal ownership sailed for Europe on May 22. A dinner given in their honor in New York, the evening before their departure, was enlivened by a warm exchange of compliments between Judge William J. Gaynor and the president of the Federation, Mr. August Belmont. Judge Gaynor thought that the agitation for municipal ownership had not arisen from hostility to capital or to the private management of public service corporations. "On the contrary," he held, "it has come wholly from the mismanagement of these enterprises, in overcapitalization, in watering stock again and again." And then, undeterred by the propinquity of Mr. Belmont, he proceeded:

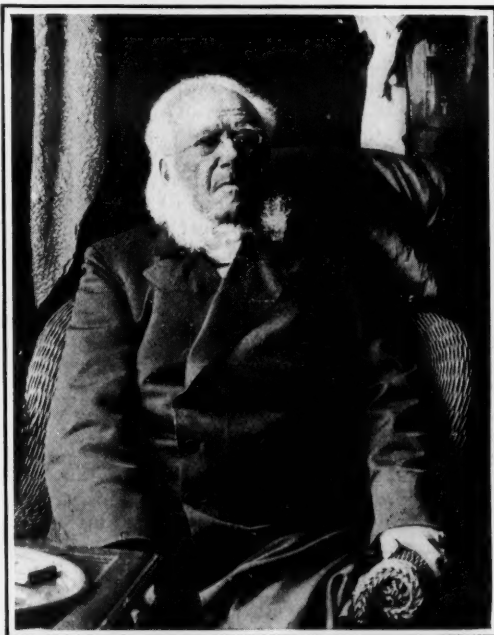
"The community can not look without feeling, without regret, without deep resentment, and, finally, without action, to the doubling up of capital, the trebling of capital, put into these public franchises, representing nothing but a perpetual tax on the community. We see these great companies in New York now united and leasing themselves for 999 years. Dear me, think of our standing that sort of thing for 999 years! Nine years is more likely than 999. Is the actual capital doubled? No, not the capital but these great gifts, these franchises that are nothing but licenses from the people, are made a drain on the community, by being bonded and the stock doubled

up, year after year, until the sum has become colossal enough—I will be bold enough to say it even in this presence—dishonest enough to shock the moral sense of the people of this country."

That roused Mr. Belmont, who repudiated in the most emphatic terms the suggestion that he and his associates managed their corporations "in any other spirit than that of honesty or of correct purpose, and with any other view than that of complying with every letter of the law." "I stated before the commission," he added, "that if the results furnish an argument for the acquisition by the municipality of the properties I have been elected to manage, that would not deter me."

Mr. Belmont did not enter into any details concerning the reasons for the dilution of the Metro-

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HENRIK IBSEN

Norwegian poet, dramatist, and reformer, born at Skien, Norway, March 20, 1828; died of apoplexy at Christiania, May 23, 1906

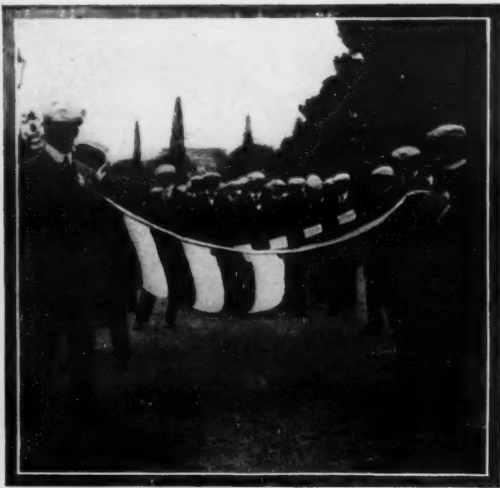
politan-Interborough capital, which has been carried to such an extent that the holders of the most valuable franchises in the world are now barely able to keep their heads above water.

Of the ten members of the commission who sailed on the 22d—five others being already in England—six were publicists, two representatives of corporations and two of labor unions. This in-

vestigation promises to be the most thorough that has ever been undertaken. The diversity of views represented on the commission makes it certain that no misrepresentation can find a place, uncontradicted, in the final report. Partisans on one side are balanced by partisans on the other, and there is a very strong representation of independent observers who want nothing but the absolute truth. These explorers have an unprecedented opportunity. Usually an investigator into the affairs of a corporation, or even of a public institution, works at a disadvantage. He is regarded as an intruder, and he has to dig out his facts without much assistance. But the Civic Federation's representatives go assured of a welcome. They are to be taken in hand by the managers of the principal public and private enterprises and provided with all the information needed to enable them to make intelligent comparisons. With twenty-one experts all diligently gathering materials for two or three months, the final report ought to provide a solid foundation of fact for future American discussions.

HENRIK IBSEN

WITH the death of Henrik Ibsen on May 23, at the age of seventy-eight, contemporary literature has lost perhaps its most potent force. Like Tolstoi a revolutionist, an iconoclast, a fearless and uncompromising assailant of respectable shams, Ibsen differed from Tolstoi in always keeping his hold on sanity. His influence on literature and the stage has been enormous, and this although it has had to force its way through a double dilution, first through other words than his and second through other minds. Born apart from the great stream of the world's life, and inheriting a minor language as his medium of expression, he has had to work under the disadvantage of addressing the greater part of his audience through translations. And even then he has addressed the majority not directly but through the writers of their own lands whose minds he has fertilized and stimulated. He has recast the whole modern drama, while his own plays remain in the library instead of on the stage. Ibsen's active literary career covered a space of more than forty years, and for a quarter of a century of that time he was a figure of world magnitude. His thought has penetrated the modern atmosphere and become part of the mental tissue of millions to whom he himself is only a name.



The American squad starting for the Stadium



Steinbach winning the one-hand weight-lifting



Leavitt of Williams College winning the hurdles



Hahn and Robertson of the American team winning the semi-finals of the 100-metre run

The American Vic

IT WAS worth the twenty-five thousand dollars it cost to send the American team of athletes to the Olympic Games at Athens. They won great glory, and what is better, they bore themselves as fine and manly fellows in victory and defeat before the critical eyes of many nations. For the sake of amity, it was perhaps as well that an unruly sea toppled aboard their liner while crossing the Atlantic, and put several of the most formidable Yankees out of commission, else there would have been no prizes left for Sweden, Greece, England, France, *et al.* The mightiest weight-thrower and the fastest middle-distance runner were unable to compete because of this mishap. However, half the team could have been dispensed with, so far as winning the international championship was concerned. Seventy-five points for Uncle Sam, and only twenty-eight for Sweden, the second nation in point of winners: this was victory by a margin that seems almost discourteous.

"When Greek Meets" American

Alas for "the glory that was Greece!" The Olympic Games of to-day and the reincarnated Stadium are inspired by a sentiment as noble as it is appealing to the imagination. But the Greek is no longer an athlete, and he lags forlornly in the wake of the well-trained and vigorous alien from afar. Greece had pinned its faith to the Marathon race, willing to meet defeat cheerfully in all else, if only this classic trophy might stay in the land that gave it immortality.

Two hundred thousand Greeks lined the course that billowed over the Attic hills for twenty-six miles. Had not Louis, the peasant lad, won the first modern Marathon, trotting home first in three hours? But this year the Greek runners met foemen of a different mettle. Long before the finish of the heart-breaking course, the six strongest native heroes had been picked up exhausted by the relief wagons, while far, far ahead of the panting, sweating throng of contestants trotted a little Canadian, Sherring, with the race so well in hand that he walked up the hills as he neared Athens. When he loped into the vast marble Stadium, seventy thousand Greeks felt as if the honor of their land had been trampled on. Prince George of Greece showed himself a good sportsman by running alongside the tireless Sherring over the last two hundred yards. The spirit of the Prince was admirable, but unbiased critics were rash enough to declare that he was not built for a Marathon runner.

This young Canadian, who ran twenty-six miles in less than three hours over the most punishing course in the world, and won the most spectacular of modern athletic fixtures against the picked men of a dozen nations, is five and a half feet high, and weighed one hundred and twelve pounds the day he ran from Marathon to Athens. He trained at home, and gave the credit for his amazing endurance to the advice and care of his mother. There is left some sentiment in sport, and the race is not always to the man of the imposing brawn and the mighty thews.

Eleven Out of Twenty-three

Sherring is an American, but not a Yankee, and the Stars and Stripes flaunted supreme without his help. Our colors were run up for first position in eleven of the twenty-three events contested in the grandest amphitheatre in the world.

The native sentiment was mirrored in the frequent remark:

"If we can't win, we hope the Americans will."

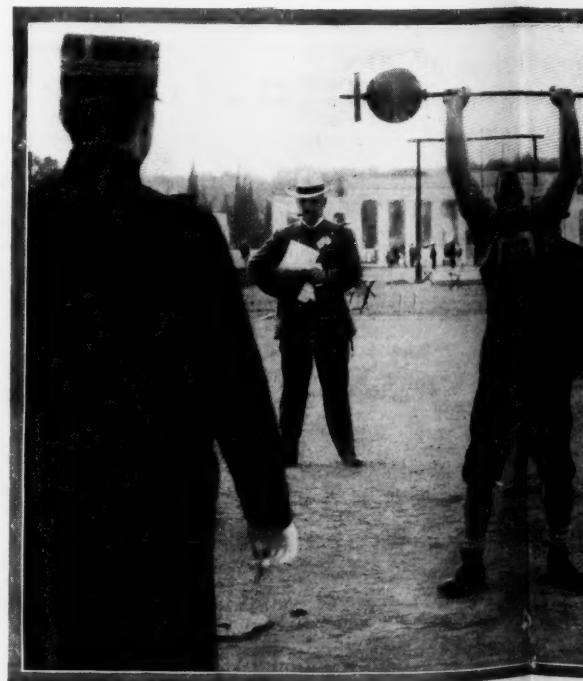
The young men from the United States hobnobbed with royalty until they scorned to turn around to look at anything less than a prince. The King and Queen of England witnessed the opening of the games. The King of Greece presided over the program, and the Crown Prince was at the head of the managing committee. Two more princes circulated in the arena, and got in the way with the greatest good nature. Prince George acted as referee, and decided many important things with a vast advantage over the ordinary or plebeian referee, in that nobody dared make too emphatic a protest. Indeed, Hellenic royalty tried to "run the whole show," and but the Americans won,



General view of the Stadium at Athens, where the

RESULTS OF THE OLYMPIAN G

EVENT	WINNERS
100-metre swim	C. M. Daniels, New York A. C.
Discus, free style	Martin J. Sheridan, Irish-American
Standing broad jump	Lawson Robertson, Irish-American
Pole vault	Gouder, France
Five-mile run	Hawtrey, England
400-metre run	Paul Pilgrim, New York A. C.
1,500-metre run	J. D. Lightbody, University of Chicago
Hop, step, and jump	O'Connor, England
Discus, Greek style	Jaervinen, Finland
Running long jump	Myer Prinstein, Irish-American A. C.
400-metre swim	Scheff, Austria
100-metre run	Archie Hahn, Milwaukee A. C.
Marathon race	William Sherring, Hamilton, Ont.
High hurdles	R. G. Leavitt, Williams College
800-metre run	Paul Pilgrim, New York A. C.
Standing high jump	Ray C. Ewry, New York A. C.
1,500-metre walk	George V. Bonhag, Irish-American
Three standing jumps	O'Connor, England
Running high jump	Leahy, England
Throwing 14-lb. stone	Georgantas, Greece
3,000-metre walk	Stanties, Hungary
Putting 16-lb. shot	Martin J. Sheridan, Irish-American



Heavy-weight rival

The Greek audience howled at Steinbach (872), the Austrian, before disqualified him, and the event was won by Tophias (700) chin. Steinbach then returned to the arena, lifted the weights grimace at the astonished audience, and walked off. The judges l

Victory at Athens



at Athens, where the Olympic Games were held

OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1906

WINNERS	RECORD
New York A. C.	1 minute 13 seconds
Irish-American A. C.	136 feet 2 inches
Irish-American A. C.	9 feet 8 5/16 inches
Irish-American A. C.	11 feet 6 inches
New York A. C.	26 minutes 11 seconds
University of Chicago	53 1/5 seconds
University of Chicago	4 minutes 12 seconds
University of Chicago	14 metres 65 centimetres
Irish-American A. C.	42 metres 64 centimetres
Irish-American A. C.	7 metres 20 centimetres
Irish-American A. C.	6 minutes 23 4/5 seconds
Milwaukee A. C.	11 1/5 seconds
Hamilton Ont.	2h. 51 minutes 23 3/5 seconds
Williams College	16 1/5 seconds
New York A. C.	2 minutes 1 1/2 seconds
New York A. C.	5 feet 2 inches
Hag, Irish-American A. C.	7 minutes 3 seconds
Hag, Irish-American A. C.	36 feet 1 inch
Hag, Irish-American A. C.	1 metre 77 1/2 centimetres
Hag, Irish-American A. C.	65 feet 4 inches
Hag, Irish-American A. C.	15 minutes 18 3/5 seconds
Hag, Irish-American A. C.	40 feet 2 1/2 inches



heavy-weight rivalry

the Austrian, claiming he was a professional. The judges there-
by Topbas (700), a Greek, who barely lifted the weights to his
head six or seven times, made a
F. The judges later decided that Steinbach was not a professional

and why risk lèse-majesté by hinting that James E. Sullivan has more ability to manage an athletic meet tucked under his Derby hat than was assembled in this entire galaxy of crowned heads?

The Americans were not interested in rowing, shooting, gymnastics, javelin-throwing, and tennis. They were the picked runners, jumpers, and weight-tossers of a nation, and they went in for the events for which they had been trained with a scientific thoroughness unknown in England or on the Continent. They won because they had taken far greater pains to learn how to win than all their polyglot swarm of rivals. They had believed it worth while to learn form and to acquire endurance, by dint of arduous preparation. The Americans expressed in their deeds the best spirit of the ancient Greek doctrine that the sound body is worth striving for.

A Sensational Race

Of all the races won in this meeting, that which most thrilled the American onlookers was the four-hundred-metre run, a distance akin to our quarter-mile dash. The Yankee champion, Harry Hillman, had been disabled, and could do no more than make a plucky start, and drop out half-way down the course. Against him were two men of rare prowess, Captain Haswell, British champion, and Nigel Barker, the fastest runner in Australia. The race seemed to be between these two, when there forged to the front a young American, Paul Pilgrim, who had been taken on the team only a day before sailing. He had made no sensational records at home, and was looked at as a "second string." But when the honor of America was suddenly dumped on his surging shoulders, he met the crisis and ran faster than he knew, wearing down his rivals in the last hundred yards, and snatching unlooked-for laurels for his team. Then Pilgrim showed that he had blossomed into championship form by winning the eight-hundred-metre race from his team-mate, Lightbody, who is rated the faster man at home.

But Lightbody had his chance in the fifteen-hundred-metre race (almost a mile), which England was expected to win. He ran away from all comers with masterly ease, and this event, which had not been seriously hoped for, gave the American team every foot race on the program (except the five-mile run), from the hundred-metre sprint to the Marathon. When it came to jumping, Myer Prinstein beat Peter O'Connor, the British champion, in the running leap, and Ray Ewry had no trouble with the standing jumps. The fifteen-hundred-metre (or mile) walk surprised the Americans, however. Bonhag, their man, was rated as a good, conscientious heel-and-toe artist, but by no means a star of the first magnitude. The jury, however, which was mostly the royal family, objected to the style of gait displayed by several other fleet pedestrians, who were ruled out, one by one, until the painstaking Bonhag was the winner by this process of elimination.

The Attic Style Causes Trouble

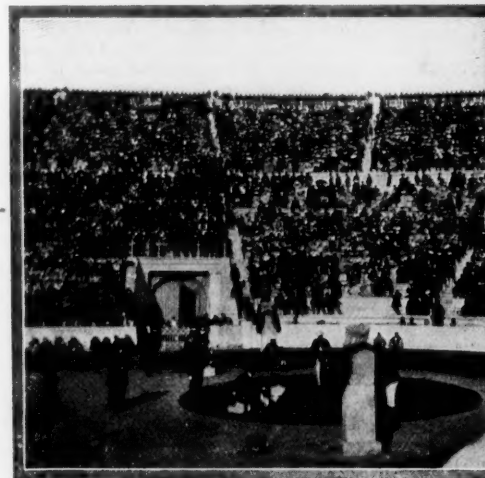
In the discus-hurling, the American and the classic styles clashed. Martin Sheridan, who has tossed this missile farther than any other living man, was rebuked by the Greek experts because he did not assume the classically statuesque pose.

The American was ruled out of the event and put in a class by himself, known as the "free style," which he won with ease. And it was a gigantic Finland, and not a Greek at all, who won the discus-throwing in the classic style.

Other heroes were Archie Hahn, who won the one-hundred-metre dash, and R. G. Leavitt, who frolicked first across the four-hundred-metre hurdles. A disconsolate, deep-chested, and bull-necked American sat in a grand stand and watched a dozen big men pitch heavy weights about. This was Jim Mitchell, who toys with fifty-six-pound rocks as ordinary men play with dumbbells. He had a lame shoulder, and had to see a lusty Greek take these laurels. There was consolation, however, in seeing the mighty Martin Sheridan win the sixteen-pound shot event.



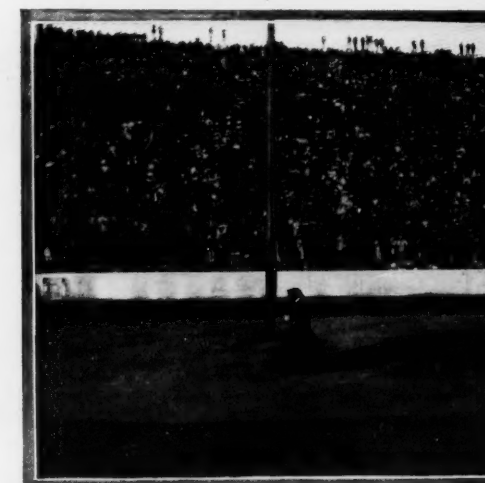
Drill of the Greek naval cadets



A wrestling contest



Hahn of Milwaukee winning the 100-metre run



The King and Queen leaving the arena in disgust because the Marathon race was won by a foreigner

THE ANTISEPTIC

AN ECHO FROM THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

IN the middle of the evening, a very untidy soldier, powdered with snow, presented himself at the main entrance of a fine house in the most fashionable district of St. Petersburg. The door was opened by a servant in rich livery, elderly, with dyed whiskers and the pallid, debilitated face of an old Roman emperor. The servant stared in stupefaction, his mouth a little open, at the disreputable soldier.

This fellow was of a type called "Tchuvash." He was exceedingly ugly, with a broad, shining face, little eyes, and a nose almost flat. He wore on his head a big, frowsy, fur cap, like an exaggerated muff, and on his body a coarse, gray overcoat some sizes too large for him and stained, ripped, and begrimed in countless places; so that his dress was more extraordinary than his face in St. Petersburg, where there were undoubtedly a great many soldiers as ugly, but none, probably, as slovenly.

He stared in a blank way, for his part, at the servant's most noticeable ornaments: his shoulder-knot of gold cord, his embroidered coat-lapels, his white stockings—and at the vista behind him, disclosed through the open doorway: a wide staircase and beside it a twisted, naked figure of marble, gleaming under soft, opaline lights. He was evidently as much taken aback by these splendid disclosures as was the servant by his squalid appearance.

Finally, finding his voice, the soldier inquired doubtfully: "Is this Colonel Tchernaieff's house? Or, I should say, Baron Tchernaieff's house?"

The servant recovered his self-control.

"I should advise you to get away from here before something unpleasant happens to you," said he, in a low, trembling voice, looking steadily at the Tchuvash. Two or three snowflakes settled on his dyed whiskers and the light within the house flickered. The servant, at that, suddenly slammed the door in the soldier's face.

The Tchuvash stared at the closed door, aimlessly fingered the carved metal of the big knocker, and sighed patiently. Then he turned about and saw, standing on the sidewalk and regarding him, a policeman, snug in a heavy, belted overcoat and a cap of curly fur which glittered with snow-crystals.

"Policeman," the soldier pronounced politely, "is this Baron Tchernaieff's house?"

"Baron Tchernaieff has been dead a month," the policeman replied in a neighborly manner, looping his thumbs in the lanyards of his revolver. "He was killed by the heathen in Manchuria."

"Oh, yes, I should know that. But is this his house?"

"Well, it was," the policeman smiled, with a waggish manner, "but as you see, he did not take it with him."

"Oh, no, who could? But then, the Coloneless—that is, the Baroness still lives here?"

"Yes, she does. What is it that you want, anyway?"

"I have a message for her from her husband," answered the dirty soldier; and, turning, he let the great door-knocker fall with a crash. The door opened quickly, disclosing again the colorless face and dyed whiskers of the servant.

The doorkeeper saw the policeman standing below on the snowy sidewalk and smiled unpleasantly, as though with malicious satisfaction. He was opening his mouth, doubtless with the intention of giving his disreputable annoyer in charge, when the soldier calmly repeated to him his last remark to the policeman:

"I have a message for Baroness Tchernaieff, from her husband."

The servant stuck out his long, pale chin at the Tchuvash, and his old eyes flashed.

"My fine fellow, you have struck the wrong place this time, and there is the policeman who is going to take you for a little walk. It happens that Baron Tchernaieff is dead."

"Yes; I ought to know that," again said the Tchuvash, still patient and without animosity. He fumbled clumsily with his left hand among the slack folds on the shoulder of his overcoat and succeeded in spreading to the light a patch of cloth faintly spotted.

"There is some of his blood," he said ingenuously. "It is mostly worn

out; I don't know whether you can see it in this light."

The servant promptly recoiled. He stared at the stains, while snowflakes settled on his waxy forehead unnoticed and melted into drops. As for the policeman, he laughed like a man who knows how to appreciate curious little incidents, met in dull routine.

"That should be a good enough passport, eh?" he called out jocularly to the servant. "Where do you come from, Tchuvash?"

"From Mukden. I was his orderly."

"There, you see, footman, the Tchuvash was his orderly."

The footman dragged his gaze from the dim splotches on the overcoat and looked at its wearer with a sickly expression.

"Give me the message and I will deliver it," he declared in low tones, without his former harshness.

"Oh, no! I must deliver it myself."

"You can't come in here."

"Ah! Why not?"

"Because you are not fit to. Look at you. Be reasonable. Do you think a beautiful lady would take a message at your hands? She would get faint just looking at you. Besides, I have no doubt you would fill the place with bugs. Oh, no, you can't come in. So hurry up with your message—the hall is as cold as outdoors."

"Is Coloneless Tchernaieff a beautiful lady? Well, perhaps, she would get faint just looking at me. I know nothing about that—though my Colonel did not get faint looking at me. But I must come in all the same. I am bound to give her this message out of my own hands. Those are my orders from the master of this house and the last he gave me. They have got to be obeyed, that is all."

The dirty soldier brushed calmly past the servant

and scuffed through the vestibule, his clumsy boots scratching its parquet. He stopped in the hall under the opaline lights, every miserable detail of his appearance illuminated. From his expression he believed, apparently, that the discussion was ended.

But the footman stuck his head out of the door and appealed to the policeman.

"He is a good man," said the policeman, laughing pleasantly at the servant's discomfiture. "He was at Mukden. Moreover, so far as I can see, it is your business to do just what he has asked you to. He has his master's orders—"

"But his clothes are undoubtedly full of bugs!" cried the footman in dismay.

"Ah," the policeman remarked indifferently, "you should be in my profession for a little while and you would not upset yourself so about a few bugs." And he walked away with his snowy fur cap tilted.

The footman shut the door, turned and confronted the soldier. They measured each other silently, the servant ruffled but the Tchuvash bovinely calm. The Tchuvash, clumsily shaking back his left sleeve, uncovered his soiled knuckles and wiped his snub-nose with them. He protested:

"Will you be reasonable, now? Here I have traveled from Mukden, by my Colonel's order, to deliver a message to the Coloneless. Is it your place to prevent me? Tell her I am here and I will deliver it and then go directly away. What more can I say?"

The footman sighed.

"What is your name?" he inquired heavily, from force of habit, and then bit his lip.

"Petrov," the soldier replied at once and saluted with his left hand.

"Wait here," commanded the servant, and was starting away, when he stopped suddenly and snuffed the air. There hung in it the faint odor of iodoform, unpleasantly suggestive of the disinfection of some unseen, unhealthy condition.

"What is that smell?" he demanded, with a tone of smothered anguish. The Tchuvash snuffed deeply several times and then met his look with frankness.

"I don't smell anything," he said. The footman, shaking his head miserably, climbed the polished stairs till he came to the turn of them where there was a Chinese gong. He set this to vibrating softly. From under the staircase a young fellow in a blue apron appeared. The footman said to him:

"Stay here till I come back."

At the same time he cast his glance significantly toward the Tchuvash standing in the middle of the hall and examining with amazement the naked, marble figure beside the balustrade.

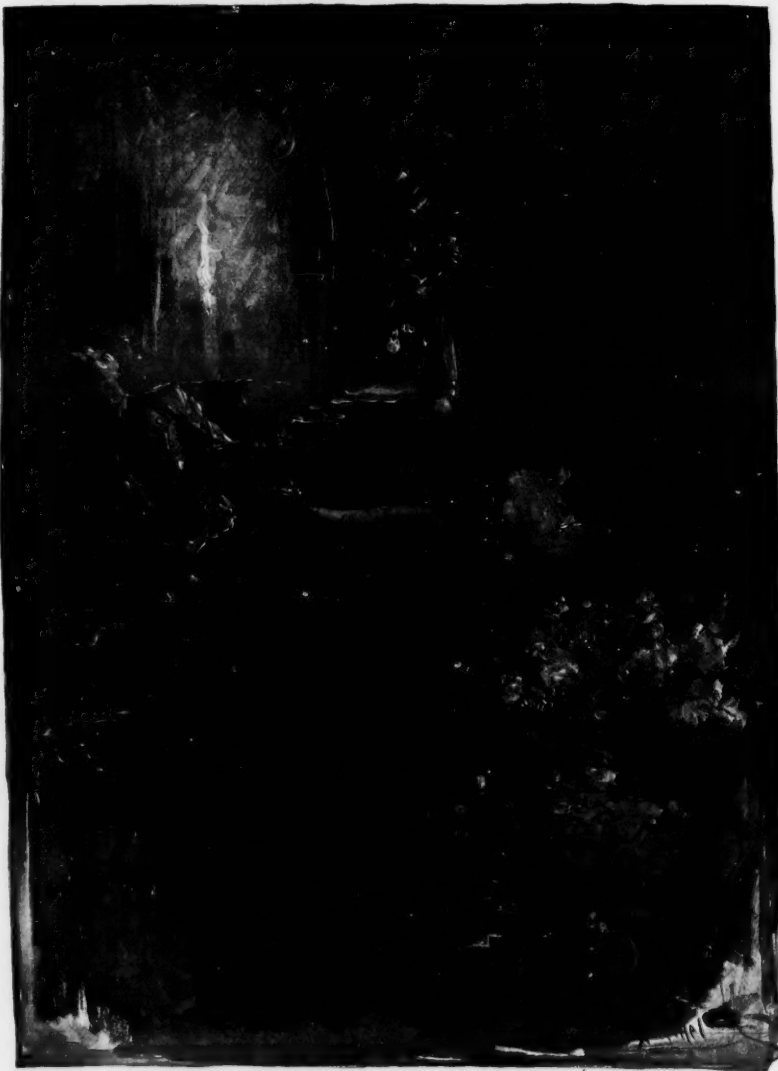
Then the old servant went on climbing slowly; his gaze was fixed with apprehension on a door at the top of the stairs, which led to Baroness Tchernaieff's music-room and through which filtered the tinkle of a piano.

II

IN the music-room, which was illuminated by one tall candle beside the piano, were two persons. A young man in a gray uniform was playing and a woman in a black, low-necked gown was lying in a long chair and listening to him indifferently. She was Baroness Tchernaieff.

The young man, from the markings of his fine gray uniform, was evidently a lieutenant in an exclusive cavalry regiment. But, in spite of all his clothing, his appearance was not at all military. He was small, plump, dainty, and somewhat effeminate. He had curly, closely-cut hair, almost orange-colored, and a little orange-colored mustache carefully waxed and turned up at the ends, showing his red, pouting mouth. While playing, he stared with sleepy, green eyes, in a languidly complacent manner, at Baroness Tchernaieff.

She reclined at some distance from the solitary candle by the piano, and so was in half-obscurity. Shadowed in the depth of her chair, she suggested vaguely a phantasm of a rock siren or merwoman; her upper part all



She suggested vaguely a phantasm of a rock siren or merwoman

lustrous white skin and her lower part trailing away in twinkling scales of jet. Changing her position, she disturbed this illusion. The light struck more fully on her face and arms, and she became at once entirely material, materially decorated.

She was large and yet finished, without any of the little imperfections of ample masterpieces. Evidently her physical attractions had been originally all of a strong and wholesome sort; of fine, firm flesh and liberal proportions, not voluptuous, but vigorous. But impelled, no doubt, by a perversion of pride to successive, meddlesome experiments, she had thinly coated all her clear healthfulness with artificiality. This was the result, in part, of the delicate tinting of her admirable skin, the precise undulation of her freshly-bronzed hair, the excellent diamonds placed wherever they might properly be worn, the polished finger nails, themselves shining like jewels, the slight wantonness of her fine eyes, which also had been tampered with. An effect subtly disquieting, of an entirely different sort of beauty, was obtained by these alterations.

An atmosphere corresponding with peculiar fidelity to this physical influence pervaded the room. The warmed air, originally strong and pure, was heavy with an abnormally sweet perfume and the scent of gardenias. These odors made the room close. In these particular surroundings they seemed inappropriate. They—and perhaps some immaterial, personal influence with them—hinted at a present enervation both physical and moral.

The condition of the air apparently affected both persons breathing it. The young man at the piano played a tinkling piece of music listlessly, almost dragging over the keys his plump fingers, on which were three splendid rings. Coming to a movement particularly simple, he continued idly playing it over and over, presumably without the inclination toward passing on to anything more difficult. Baroness Tcherniaeff was in an indolent and yet entirely becoming position. She held up her hands from time to time, looked at the rings on them and then dropped them, as though so many diamonds made them too heavy.

Finally, the young man, tired of playing, sat striking one treble note with a finger and gazing about the room. His glance rested on a dim oil portrait, shining greasily in patches. This was the portrait of the late Colonel of the Suwaroff Regiment, Baron Tcherniaeff. It depicted a tall, stoutly built soldier, somewhat bald, with a wide, low forehead, strong black eyes and a wiry, black beard which concealed the lower half of the face. On the breast of his tunic were several orders and a cross usually, though not invariably, given for bravery. The artist had posed his subject very stiffly and had tried to give him an intrepid and heroic appearance. Continuing his efforts toward that effect, he had put in for the background a corner of a lurid and smoky battlefield. His artifices, however, were unsuccessful. Before his martial background Baron Tcherniaeff appeared neither heroic nor intrepid, but calm, well-bred, correct, unintelligent, with a rich, middle-aged Russian's air of satiety. The young man at the piano smiled ironically while regarding this portrait.

Still smiling in that way, he turned to look at Baroness Tcherniaeff. He discovered that her eyes were fixed on him inscrutably. His ironical expression faded. Somewhat confused, he selected a brown cigarette from a gold case. When he had lighted the tobacco—dabbing at it with a match as though afraid of the fire—he regained his composure. With an imitation of solicitude he said, nodding toward the portrait:

"You should have it taken down. It only serves to recall the—tragedy."

She retorted quietly:

"It is rather silly of you, pretending to believe that I have any more feeling in that matter than you have."

"You have no more feeling than I about your husband's death!" the young man exclaimed, glancing spitefully at the portrait, almost as though it were a helpless person whom he was overwhelmingly humiliating.

She examined her rings carefully, with level eyebrows, before replying.

"Perhaps you would like the portrait taken down on your account?"

"How, on my account?" he inquired sharply.

"Perhaps you do not care to see so often the face of a person whom you have injured?"

The burden of responsibility thus deftly placed on his shoulders, the young man swung around on his seat and struck his palm against the piano keys. Baroness Tcherniaeff, observing his pouting lips and smoldering green eyes, smiled slightly as though at a child's anger. Then, on noticing the cigarette smoke about him, an expression of delicate appetency possessed her face.

"Give me a cigarette," she said.

He complied sullenly, bringing it to her chair and lighting a match which he dabbed at the cigarette as though afraid of fire.

"Hold it still," she commanded abruptly with a frown. The cigarette lighted, he hesitated, and then perched himself on the arm of her long chair, facing

her. Looking at her, his features weakened and became petulant. He complained:

"You ought not to say such things to me."

"Then why do you induce them?" she returned, through a little cloud of smoke. "There are some subjects that we might very well avoid. It is still, at this late day, the same thing. It is the remains of your jealousy. You were always jealous of him."

"He was your husband," exclaimed the young man with a gesture. This peculiar, though well-worn justification of jealousy caused her to smile slightly.

"No," she murmured, stabbing stealthily with her tongue; "I think that you never forgot that he was several inches taller than you."

The young man blushed vividly and tears were injected into his eyes, so desperately was he wounded in his pride.

"If I were ordered to the war to-morrow and killed next month," he cried in a thin, frilling voice, "you would hear of my death with perfect calmness! What real feelings have you? That night, when you heard, after Mukden, one might call one of the principal moments of your life—and what emotion of any kind did you contrive to muster for it?"



The right arm hung stiffly, as though hardly a part of him

She appeared to weigh his question without resentment. She answered him: "I think, principally, curiosity."

"Curiosity?"

"I think so. To understand how he could possibly have fitted into a scene large enough for that. I tried, in my mind, to place him as the central figure in a picture which I suppose should have been highly tragic and terrible. But it was quite impossible for me to do so. I could not see him, mentally, in any other way than in a fresh uniform, neatly brushed, with a cross over his heart and white gloves stuck in between two buttons and one eye squinted to keep out the cigarette smoke. With that persistent picture, I could not imagine him in any setting violent enough to involve loss of life. And so I had curiosity to understand how he could have got into such a setting and how he could have conducted himself in it."

"Amazing!" ejaculated the young man. "Can you comprehend nothing heroic, then, in a soldier, who has the most heroic of professions?"

"I spoke of one soldier only," she replied indifferently, "but I do not really think that I find anything more heroic in the rest of them that I know. They are all of the same pattern. They wear pretty uniforms and diamond orders when they are fortunate, and smell of scents. They drink champagne and smoke countless cigarettes, and act scandalously in private and are always busy plotting to replace their superiors with themselves. When there is a war they go away to it. And presently one hears how they are contriving to conduct themselves at the war in the same manner; drinking champagne, smoking countless cigarettes, acting scandalously and plotting. To my mind, they are very much more men than heroes."

"How cynical!" he cried bitterly, at this revelation

of the distorted, humiliating estimate in which she held soldiers, of whom he was one. He fixed her with burning, reproachful eyes. He harked back, as was inevitable, to the personal proposition.

"So then it means nothing to you that I am liable, at any moment, to be sent away to be killed," he exclaimed dramatically.

She dropped her burned-out cigarette with a little sigh of satisfaction.

"Be sensible," she breathed, instantaneously changing her mood. She smiled up at him with a peculiar look. At that look, after a moment's intent scrutiny of it, he rested one hand on the back of her chair, beside her neck, and leaned slowly forward. Her peculiar smile passed, giving place to an appearance of anticipation.

At that moment there was a discreet knock at the door.

"Get up," she exclaimed at once, energetically pushing him to his feet with her strong, white arms. The door opened and the old servant appeared, with his disturbed, wan face, and dyed whiskers. He avoided looking at the young man, who was hesitating awkwardly in the middle of the room.

"A soldier from Mukden with a message wishes to see Madame Baroness in person."

She stood up, staring blankly at the footman. Then immediately she advanced toward him, and, as he stood aside, passed him. She swept through the door, her skirts rustling and exhaling the same oversweet perfume which drugged the air. She did not glance back at all at the young man, struck rigid in the middle of the room.

In the hall, at the head of the staircase, she stopped.

"Where is he," she asked quietly, but in a dazed way.

Following the old servant's perturbed glance, she looked over the balustrade. She saw in the hall below, gaping up at her almost idiotically, the dirty Tchuvash.

III

BARONESS TCHERNAIEFF came down the stairs, her shoulders gleaming, her diamonds sparkling, her trailing jet skirts twinkling, and stopped before the Tchuvash.

At her approach, he had taken off his frowzy fur cap, in a bewildered way. He now stood holding it half lowered in his left hand. He was staring at her as little children stare, when for the first time they are led unexpectedly before a Christmas tree.

The light shone on his bullet-head, which was clipped to the scalp and marked with several dull-white scars. All the blemishes of neglect on his face and clothing were perfectly visible. The baroness observed them with unwilling attention, in the way that one examines, in spite of one's self, a repulsive novelty. Probably she had never been as close to any one physically so unclean.

She asked: "You are the messenger from Mukden?"

The Tchuvash started and lowered his gaze from her face, as though he had been caught at something reprehensible.

"Yes, Coloneless—yes, baroness. That is, I suppose you are surely Coloneless Tcherniaeff?"

"Oh, yes—"

Pausing, she sniffed delicately.

There was in the air a smell of iodoform, suggestive of present unhealthiness that needed antiseptics. At this discovery her disgust and uneasiness were apparent. She scrutinized the Tchuvash anxiously. Of his arms, completely hidden in the over-long sleeves of his overcoat, the right one hung stiffly, as though hardly a part of him. In some manner, from her stare at it, she appeared to associate with this arm the odor of iodoform. She moved further away from the soldier.

"Then will you please deliver your message?" she said hurriedly.

The Tchuvash fumbled with his left hand in the breast of his overcoat. He drew out a little, lumpy package, wrapped in a scrap of oiled silk. The package slipped from his fingers. As it did, involuntarily he raised his right hand to catch it.

Baroness Tcherniaeff uttered a gasp of horror. As he lifted his right arm, the right sleeve of his overcoat broke at the elbow and hung down. There was no hand or forearm in the sleeve.

Picking up the package, the Tchuvash smiled foolishly, as if his instinctive gesture to use a member which he no longer possessed were a little joke at his expense.

"Here it is, Coloneless," he said, and held out the package. There was no doubt that it smelled of iodoform. She barely touched it and then drew back her hand.

"Put it on the table," she said faintly, and sank into a chair beside the staircase. The soldier thereupon laid the package on a table in the midst of the hall. Then he stood before her at attention. He was plainly under the impression that, by virtue of being his Coloneless's widow, she, also, was his superior officer.

"Coloneless," he declared, "I have had leave to travel to Petersburg and deliver this package to you. But

now I must go back again on the trains carrying reinforcements. Coloneless, I think that this is all I have to do. So, if you have no orders for me, I had better be going promptly, as I promised that fellow in the white stockings I would. Coloneless, I am sorry if I have made you sick."

"What is that?" she asked.

"He said that just looking at me would do that, and I see that you are sick now. So, if you have no orders for me, I had better go."

Baroness Tcherniaeff twisted her red mouth in an attempt to smile.

"How sad that you must go all the way back. Where will you go—back to the Suwaroff Regiment?"

"Coloneless, don't you know that there is no more Suwaroff Regiment? No, indeed, there is no more of it. It was finished on the last day of Mukden when the retreat began. It was a very fine regiment, and now it is all gone, from the Colonel to the band. There are a few here and there, like me, but not five files, I suppose, altogether. Shall I inform you about it, Coloneless—or would you prefer to have me go?"

"Tell me," she said, looking intently at this soiled and brutally maimed animal from a strange world.

The Tchuvash relaxed his pose and reflectively scratched his chin. He began:

"Coloneless, I shall tell you everything as well as I can. There were four regiments holding a long line of trenches in the shape of a fork, about four versts below Mukden, and the Suwaroff Regiment was at the point of the fork. We kept the heathen off for three days, for the trenches were very good and our artillery behind us threw further than theirs. Every day we stopped them just a little way in front of our trenches. And every night we went out and dragged their bodies as far away as possible, because, of course, they were bound to smell bad. But on the fourth day everything began to break. The artillery was taken away from behind us early in the morning. Soon we could see, far off in the fields on each side of us, whole regiments going to the rear, with shells bursting at their tails. Then we heard that the retreat was begun through Mukden, and that all the stores there were broken up, and that the whole army was drunk. So we knew that this battle was nearly over, and that the sooner we were released the better.

"But we did not know that all the army but us was retreating, and that we had not been told to go because we had been forgotten.

"About noon that day the heathen moved up their artillery and turned it on our four regiments and it was just hell. In an hour the two regiments on one side of us had gone back. A little while afterward the regiment on the other side could not stand it any longer. We saw them climbing out of their trenches and running away over the fields like ants. Then there was nobody left but us.

"All the men were lying flat in the bottoms of the trenches, crying to their officers to lead them away, and the officers were begging the Colonel to give the order. The Colonel sat on a box smoking a cigarette and looking through his glasses. He would not listen to anybody. He said: 'The Japskis are coming this way presently, and we have been left here to stop them. If the General did not mean for us to stay here and work, he would have told us to come along with the rest. We have been left in an important and honorable place, and we at least are going to stay here.' All the time, Coloneless, you must understand, those devilish shells were alighting about us, blowing up the dirt and tearing the soldiers to pieces.

"In the middle of the afternoon a regiment of the heathen came running at us across the fields. The Colonel said: 'There, children, what did I tell you? Here they come now and it is our business to stop them.' We all got up and armed the trenches, and when they were in easy range we began to fire at them as fast as we could. We stopped them just where we had stopped all the rest, about a stone's throw from us.

"They went back and we ceased firing. But as soon as they were gone the shells began to fall again. The Colonel did not mind that. He stood up in the open and shouted along the trench, in his big voice: 'If all the army were like my little fellows, there would not be much retreating!' And just as he

said that, a shell burst beside him and cut open his stomach.

"He fell down, but I was there to catch him. He did not lose his senses and called out: 'Whatever happens, I forbid any one to retreat till orders come from the General.' We opened his overcoat and he was all cut to pieces inside. Coloneless, it was a wonder that he lived a minute. It was easy to see his liver and the edge of his lower rib. So I knew that he was as bad as dead and began to cry. But he said: 'Stop crying, Petrov, you stupid ox, and prop me up so that I can see them when they begin coming again.'

"When he fell down, the soldiers began to scramble out of the trench and run, in twos and threes. He saw some, who were nearest, doing this and cried in a weak voice: 'Tell them to stop! Tell them to stop!' I shouted at them, and Captain Merejowski,

very badly, but there was no way of bandaging him. Captain Merejowski had a clean restaurant napkin that he had brought out from Mukden, around some dainties, and he spread it over the Colonel's stomach. That is all we could do, Coloneless.

"Presently we saw two Japski officers coming along the trench, and one of them had the Suwaroff colors rolled up under his arm. We lay still till they came near, and then Captain Merejowski and Lef and I jumped up. The Captain got killed and I got my arm cut half through—and it had to be taken off afterward, because it had got dirty. But we killed one officer quickly and hurt the other, and I held him while Lef cut his throat. Then we brought back the colors to the Colonel.

"The Colonel was blue about the nose, and his eyes were sunk down. He made me strip off the colors from the staff and hide them in my breeches. Then he said:

'Petrov, take the package out of my breast and the locket from around my neck.' I did it and he said: 'Take them to the Coloneless in Petersburg and put them into her hands.' 'I hear you, Colonel,' I said. He lay still for a while. Then he began to struggle to get up, crying out. Then he fell back, as though some one had hit him, and lay gasping. He died very hard. He only said two more words. One was 'Sweetheart' and the other was some name—what was it? Oh! It was 'Helena.'

"My name," the woman whispered, in pitiful amazement, rising with her glittering hands at her breast. For the moment every particle of her beauty was gone.

"Ah, yes, of course, it would be, Coloneless," said Petrov, with a rattling snuff.

Taking the little package from the table she went slowly up the staircase. The Tchuvash, his little eyes red, stared after her. At the top of the stairs she groped blindly for the door of the music-room. She found it and passed through it into the atmosphere replete with an abnormally sweet perfume and the odor of fading gardenias.

IV

IN the music-room, the young man in the gray uniform rose from a chair in the shadows. He came forward quickly, with a springy little step. Uneasiness was plainly on his lax, effeminate features. Seeing her face, he stopped short, his mouth open and one plump hand outstretched.

She looked intently at him. She had the appearance of a person, just awakened from a terrible dream, trying to identify her surroundings. She identified him.

"Go away from me," she said in an even voice, but in a voice so deep that it did not sound like hers.

He made a little, agitated gesture, as though to touch her.

"Sweetheart . . . Helena . . ." he stammered anxiously.

These words, so cruelly imitating those others that she had just heard, had an amazing effect.

She turned on him with her white arms raised high and shaking, her white breast quivering, her face distorted with hatred, dreadful, blighting, the face of a Medusa.

"Get away from me!" she screamed hoarsely in his face: "Get away from me! Get away from me!"

"She moved at him with bared teeth and blazing eyes. Of all the women contained in her and unguessed at, she was at that moment the most primitive and terrible.

He sprang away, genuinely frightened, and gained the door. It slammed shut after him.

After she had stood for a while, trembling and staring at the closed door, she turned, almost as though with apprehension, toward the place where the portrait hung. She broke the cord of her package and spilled out its contents. She knelt to pick up a locket and some letters. The locket contained her picture and the letters were all the few, brief, mendacious notes that she had written to her husband in Manchuria.

Kneeling so, in her strange widow's weeds of jet and diamonds and rouge, she sank back on her heels and gazed earnestly up at the unheroic portrait.

Great sobs began to convulse her white throat.

From the scattered contents of the package and from its wrapper was exhaled the odor, overcoming the redolence in the room, of the antiseptic.



She turned on him with her arms raised high, her face distorted with hatred

who was helping me hold the Colonel, caught one of them. The fellow was gone crazy with fright and tried to use his bayonet. I had to shoot him to save Captain Merejowski. The Colonel said, at that: 'Don't shoot another; they have had enough of that. Where are the colors?' We could not see the colors. All of the regiment that was left alive had climbed out and was running, the officers fighting with the men as they ran to make them come back. They had better stayed and run the risk. About a verst back they ran into a funnel of heathen infantry, that had got around us, and were all blown off the face of the earth.

"So there were left only the Colonel and Captain Merejowski, and a sergeant named Lef and me, and a trenchful of dead men.

"The shells stopped as soon as the regiment ran away, and the Japskis began coming along by the thousand. They passed us at a distance without bothering us. Of course, they thought that everybody alive had run off. The Colonel could not see them, for he was lying in the bottom of the trench, but we peeped out and told him where they were going. 'Let them go,' he said, 'it is all over now. Give me a cigarette.' We gave him a cigarette and a drink of my vodka. He was bleeding

THE END OF DATTO ALI

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE MORO WAR, WHICH HAS LASTED SINCE 1597

By RICHARD BARRY



MEN OF THE 17TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY CROSSING A SWAMP IN THE PURSUIT OF DATTO ALI

SHORTLY after dawn of October 22, 1905, a second lieutenant in the United States infantry put a revolver bullet through the heart of Datto Ali, who, in the previous minute, with a Mauser carbine, had killed the trooper running at his side, and so ended a desperate chase of nearly two years which had cost upward of a thousand lives, and which, during that time, had completely paralyzed trade in the richest valley in the Philippine Islands. This was in a bosque surrounded by house-high cogon grass in the interior of the almost impenetrable wilds of Mindanao. It marked all but the last phase of that war of extermination which the American race has waged for nearly three centuries against, first the red and then the brown race, which has taken our arms from the rock-bound roar of Penobscot across ten thousand miles to the soft lull of the Pacific within five degrees of the equator, and which has added to the long list of dusky heroes beginning with King Philip a name worthy of rank with the bravest and shrewdest—Datto Ali!

Let us trace the gaunt detail of this tropic drama which has long caused a dull ache in the toe of our possessions.

A Three-Hundred-Year War

The Moro War, to be inclusive, began in 1597 and it ended the other day in 1906—three centuries and nine years. The Spaniards never subdued these people, the rovers and pirates of the South Seas who roamed freely as far north as Formosa, and as far south as Australia, waylaying, enslaving people and robbing treasure. Up to the time of the American occupation the Spaniards had pretty well cleaned them out of the northern islands, but in the fastnesses of Mindanao and Sulu to which they had retreated they were almost unmolested, and in the rich valley of the Cotabato the boldest and bravest of the chiefs held sway over ten thousand square miles of as fertile land as lies within the tropics and over forty thousand warlike and nomadic people. The Spaniards built a few block-houses on the river, gave nominal encouragement to Filipino settlement and trade, and, except for several sporadic expeditions under Weyler, left the hardy Moro to his untracked hills.

In the interval between Spanish and American occupation the Moros came down, took the deserted Spanish block-houses, and then raided the little town of Cotabato, occupied by Filipino traders, their families, and a number of peaceful Moros. The two chief dattos—Ali and Piang—seated themselves on the crossing

of the main streets and had marched past them all the women of the town. From these the chiefs chose those of exterior attraction and took them off

to adorn their hill harems. Then, because Piang is a wise old rascal, they played "good Injun," declared themselves friends and allies, and agreed to live within the law.

Now commenced the native intrigue in which the American was used by one datto to down the other. Between them Ali and Piang ruled the country; Ali by right of royalty, Piang by force of craft. Ali was the son of a sultan, Piang the son of a slave. Ali, born royally, lived royally and died royally. Piang, miserably born, triumphed miserably. It is the same story that you can read in twenty languages up and down the records of twenty centuries.

Filipinos can not tell you how it is that a hen can hatch a dozen barnyard fowls and but one fighting cock out of the same nest. Neither can any one tell you how a sultan can have of three sons, the elder two fatheads and the third a true prince of the blood. But this happened. Old Datto Utu, who ruled Mindanao twenty years ago, had three sons and many daughters. In one only of these are we interested, the third son, Datto Ali.

Ali and His Magic Shirt

Through Utu, Ali traced his lineage back direct to Mohammed, and through Mohammed, as the Koran tells us, he could have gone straight to Adam. He wore about his neck a bottle of oil seven hundred years old, which his first Moro ancestor had brought from Arabia in the unhistoric days when the windy sons of the prophet were scattering the seeds of civilization from the walls of Vienna to the gates of Samarcand. About his waist he wore a bullet-proof sarong three hundred years old, blessed by the last wandering son of Abu Bekr, right hand of the Son of God. His followers say it was only because he was carelessly without this sarong that the American bullet reached his heart. One of them declares he saw Ali, after he had been chased through the jungle three days by doughboys, shake this sarong by a sacred creek, whereon there fell from it fifteen bullets uselessly directed against the royal person.

It is a vast mistake to speak of Ali as a savage. No. He was of that race which lives on like the pyramids whose foundations it saw laid; which, below the walls of Constantinople, saw the Byzantine pour out his liquid fire; which despised both Egypt and Rome; which went back to the herbless land where it lives on still, not advanced, not degenerate, the ablest and the most useless of mankind; which prefers poverty to labor and solitary reflection to this busy thing we call



DATTO PIANG

The crafty old datto of Cotabato who helped to compass Ali's end

General Wood



UNITED STATES FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION BEFORE DATTO ALI'S FORT AT SARANAYA IN THE COTABATO EXPEDITION

progress; which never earned enough to clothe itself; which would consider newspaper reading a disgraceful waste of time, but which has produced, among other trifles, the Psalms and the Gospels, the Koran and the Epic of Antar.

Yes. Ali was an Arab, audacious, indolent, royal, supreme. Lieutenant Johnson, who leaned over him as the death bubbles broke on his lips, observed one of his most significant features—his foot. It was the foot of a man who had been without shoe or sandal all his life, whose ancestors for perhaps six or seven centuries had been barefoot. But it was thin, tapering, and elegant with the Cretan arch beloved of artists—a foot that as unmistakably spells blood as the poise of the head betokens spirit.

Now look on the foot of Piang, flat, wide, webby at the toes, a mass of hamlike durable flesh, built to beat stubble and marshland and to crush out fire and frolic. Piang is the son of one of Utu's slave women by a Chinese trader, a roving Cantonese, enslaved by the old datto and used as a man of business. He has one of the craftiest faces ever seen on a human being—quite devoid of expression, with no feature prominent, but all in a smear. His eyes hold that glaze to be seen on a snake's in the full torpor of sleeping time.

Piang made the money and Ali spent it. Piang, by virtue of his Chinese inheritance of merchant cunning, added to his Moro pull, became the wealthiest trader in the valley; but, by reason of the custom of a noble worshipping people, every cent, should he ask for it, belonged to Ali of the arched instep, the charmed sarong, and the sacred oil. So Ali bought Piang's women with Piang's money, and gambled with Piang's henchmen, using Piang's money. The henchmen returned it to Piang, who again loaned it to Ali, who, in turn, went deeper and deeper in debt to the half-breed Piang.

Old Piang

After three or four years of this the natives along the river referred to old Piang as a "datto," this being the native term for prince. Ali smiled indulgently and let it pass with a shrug of the shoulders, for in Moroland there are as many dattos as there are colonels in Kentucky, and who that ever really served under Breckenridge or Morgan does more than smile at barroom pomposity? Piang had no arched instep, no three-hundred-year-old sarong, and no oil bottled for seven centuries. If it came to a showdown not above four men in the valley would follow him. As for real power, the mere whisper of royalty went twenty times as far as all the wealth of the South Seas. Still, there he sat, year after year, under the banana leaves on the marsh flats of the Cotabato, weaving his sinuous web of policy, arch-master of the primitive game of intrigue—"Datto" Piang. To-day he is undisputed master of the valley, and we are to learn how he became so.

Ali lived the universal royal life. There were wine, women, song. His nod meant death, his smile created the Moro peerage. Such life grows in time monotonous, even in the Philippines. So one day Ali made a sporting proposition to General Sumner, the commanding officer. "We like you Americans," he said, "and we're not looking for trouble, but we don't know yet how you can fight. We licked the Spaniards. We don't say we can lick you, but—there's nothing like a trial. Now, you take five hundred men and I'll take five hundred men. Then we'll go into the bosque and have it out—no hard feeling—for pure sport. If I leave any of your men alive the Americans win."

The royal Arab could not understand why General Sumner did not accept this proposition. Perhaps he put it down to cowardice. But he continued friendly with the successive governors, from whom he heard so

much of the land of freedom that he decided to come to America. All was arranged, the transport and the date of sailing named. He was to go at the head of twenty followers, on his own expense, to tour the States. Piang loaned him \$10,000; he got out his prize bolos and sarongs, and marched into Cotabato for the commencement of his royal tour.

National Politics Make an Enemy for the Nation

It was the Presidential year, 1904. The Republican campaign managers heard of Ali's prospective visit and vetoed it, the time not being propitious, they said, for the appearance of "the little brown brother" in the land of his inflammable big brother. They could not trust the political effect. So Ali was held in Cotabato week after week until he had gambled away his \$10,000 to Piang's henchmen. Then he slipped off among the hills, grieved by Piang's touts along the river, wrathful at Americans, wrathful at the old half-breed. There commenced the last Moro war.

The white man says the Moro lies. The Moro calls

killed and mutilated. Still they continued whanging away, striking nothing. The Moros were as hard to catch as mosquitoes that bite about the ankles. The natives knew well enough that the Americans would never catch Ali. They tell of many times when, close pushed, he leaped into a river, assumed the shape of an alligator, and thus hid until his enemies were out of sight. The doughboys once got a glimpse of him, clad in but a G string, with flaring eyes, a tuft of beard on a scrubby chin, with broad, powerful shoulders, and the arched instep—hunted, but still a royal fugitive. No Moro in the valley dared disobey his commands. He killed, without mercy, all who failed to pay his tithes. Old Piang's trade suffered and almost died.

Ali was too great a man to risk his person often in the field. He sent, instead, his under dattos and headmen to the sacrifice. He sat back in the hills, like a modern general, and organized his campaign. He was not a savage, but the survivor of that race that surged under Saladin upon the plains of Tours. Then one day in the summer of 1904 they caught him at Saranaya in his great fort, the masterpiece that proves him a soldier

of technique as well as of bravery. It was big enough to hold a thousand people, was properly bastioned and abatised, held upward of a hundred cannon of Spanish make shooting bar and chain and round shot, and with a clever device of Arab origin whereby baracuta thongs raised and lowered iron gates of egress. It was the sort of fort one would have found in Damascus under the caliphate, now protecting naked brown men just over the equator. The Arab had floated its secret, by junk and vinta, through the Straits of Malacca and into the Jolo Sea. Against this Arab fort came the American army provisioned by a mule train bearing aparejos tied down by the diamond cinch. These aparejos were picked by the old quartermasters from the Mexican border whence the Spaniards had taken them from the Moors, who got them from the Arabs. Thus, in the centre of Mindanao, there met in death grapple the Arab civilization which had traveled around the world.

The Saranaya Fight

General Wood came over with two mountain guns and a regiment of infantry to besiege Fort Saranaya. He put three hundred and sixty odd shot into the place and then waited to let the crowd escape. "I thought that was a white thing to do," says Governor Van Horne of Cotabato. "He could easily have had a massacre at little cost, and it would have brought him Ali with great renown at a moment when they were raising that pow-wow over his nomination as major-general. But the general would not stand for the killing, so we let Ali go. No one realized at that time that a datto of Ali's stamp does not lose prestige with his fort or his money or his honor, or, indeed, with anything but his life."

The Americans got the fort, Ali escaped, and the war was on again. The country was pillaged, peaceful men murdered in their beds, and trade in the Cotabato valley at a standstill. Every week or so they sent out an expedition which came back and sat about the club and the barracks.

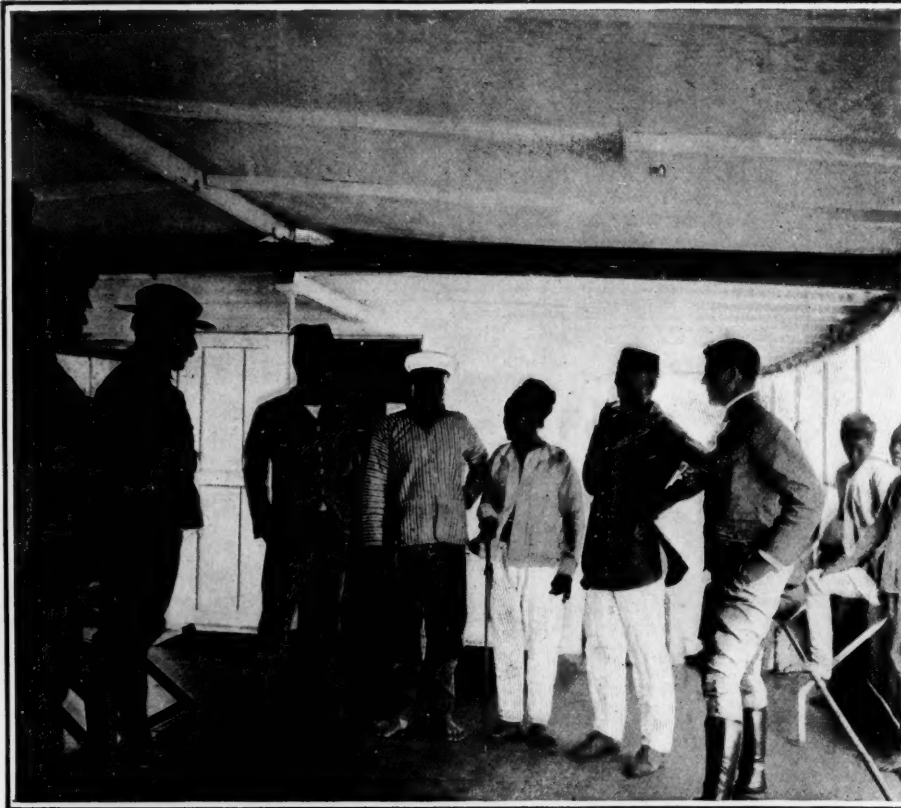
This went on for over a year. Then enter McCoy. After you have met dozens and dozens of American officers and noted them with much cynical rapping of popular artists you come across McCoy. Then you catch your breath, look him all over, size him up and around, take in his liteness, cleanness, debonairness, and say critically: "Christy's not an idealist after all." McCoy is General Wood's aide, also his favorite.

There had been plenty of line officers after Ali. All had failed, when one day McCoy heard General Buchanan, in charge of the department in Wood's absence,

Col. Hugh Scott, Governor of Salu

Enok, the betrayer

Gov. Van Horne of Cotabato



Gen. Wood Interpreter Datto Piang The Sheriff
GENERAL WOOD'S PEACE CONFERENCE WITH DATTO PIANG, AFTER ALI'S DEATH

him another. He recalls the time they promised Ali a trip to America, and then went back on the promise. They tell mockingly of the time the Spaniards took the father of the present princesa ostensibly on a trip to Zamboanga, and no sooner had him to the mouth of the river than they dropped him in the sea. That is why Ali never trusted any of the American offers of safety when they asked him to surrender.

Fruitless Campaigns

Then the Americans recognized Piang as the chief datto in the valley, and Ali said he would drive them out or he would die. There was left only a fight to the death.

The campaign was on. One picked captain after another took his picked men on a hike into the bosque. They came back, one and all, saturated with mud and dew, famished, discouraged. A regiment might, probably often did, pass within a yard of the hiding Moros without seeing them. Again and again they were ambushed—two, three, half a dozen, sometimes a score



GENERAL WOOD'S TROOPS DESTROYING DATTO ALI'S FORT AT SARANAYA, AFTER ITS CAPTURE

ask if any one knew the rear entrance to the Cotabato Valley. McCoy had been through it the year before with Bishop Brent. So they laid the final trap. Buchanan was to start another campaign ostentatiously from the river, as all previous ones had started; McCoy was to sneak in behind and turn the trick.

But white man's cunning would have availed nothing without the treachery of the Moro. Now look for the hand of Piang. The crafty old slave had a daughter, Minca, "child of the dew," a supple thing with a complexion like clotted cream. Also, she had those longing eyes of the tropics with lashes that graze the cheeks. Minca was sold in marriage to Datto Enok, a distant cousin of Ali. Enok loved her, after his fashion. He made her his number one wife. Piang saw his chance. He fixed it that Ali should often see the supple Minca.

One day the descendant of the prophet claimed the joy of Enok as his own, and, as became the lord of the valley who could do no wrong, he took her off to the hills, where she became his number three wife. Enok brooded and plotted, but dared lift no hand against the royal Ali, in whose veins flowed divine blood. Piang listened to the tale of wrath, smiled and smiled, then whispered something to the young lieutenant in charge of the nearest garrison, from whom it passed by proper stages to General Buchanan, thence to McCoy.

The Expedition Starts

Buchanan is not superstitious. He started his expedition on Friday, the 13th of October, and luck was with him from the go. News of his offensive operations spread all through the valley, and within six hours of his start Ali knew how many men he had and the trails he covered. Hence Ali lay serene in his hill cotta among his women and his faithful fighters. He knew no white man could reach him from that side. A scout brought a river rumor that he would be attacked from the rear. He consulted the sheriff, his spiritual adviser. The sheriff, with sycophant flattery, said: "Pshaw! Even the whites dare not seek the divine Ali!" So he lay in Mindanao splendor, chewing betel, toying with Minca.

The morning after the sheriff told Ali he was safe the hand of Enok pointed an indistinct line of vision through the neighboring jungle, and McCoy looked in upon his royal quarry.

The sun was a half-hour from bed. The cogon grass flipped the new day glint in the Moro eyes and hid the doughboys in twice their height of tangled weed. A dozen half-naked forms sprawled on the raised stoop of a neepa hut in the centre of the clearing. Against the door-jamb leaned a Mauser and three Krags. Inside, the women, still abed, wrangled in sleepy monotone. One man alone was sitting, in indolent, superb posture, flinging his majestic, debonaire glance into the growing light.

"Ali!" whispered Enok to McCoy as he looked upon the thief who stole his wife.

McCoy gave his orders. Johnson, with a file of men, was to flank from the left, from the creek. West was to guard the rear. Remington was to lead the advance. McCoy himself would close in on the right. No man, under any provocation, was to fire a shot until the advance gave the signal. Then they were to kill everything in sight.

Remington was chosen for the post of honor because he was the best pistol shot in his regiment. He is as mild a mannered executioner as ever scuttled Moro, with a range line from heel to wrist that spells "dead shot" all through the angular contour.

As they started to close in, four bolo-armed Moros crept into the grass on daily reconnoitre. West's party saw them coming. As the Moros crossed the trail four khaki-covered Yankees leaped on them and folded them in sinewy arms. The Moros were so surprised they forgot to yell. They wasted a fatal minute in dazed wonder. Then, as the firing commenced, West's boys shot the Moros in their tracks and dashed to the fight.

Ali leaped for his Mauser as Remington left cover. The two fired, almost together, Ali first. His haste cost him his life on the instant. Doubtless he would have lost it anyway.

Remington's file leader fell, and Ali sunk in a heap on the stoop. Remington's ball got him through the

heart at a hundred paces, one of the neatest shots on record. It would have been worthy comment on target practise; at the supreme moment of a fierce drama it spelled celebrity. Then succeeded shots, yells, a tight scrimmage. Fifteen Moros and three whites were done for.

When the smoke cleared Enok asked McCoy for the care of Ali's body. This granted, he solemnly laid out, under a cocoa palm, the remains of his wife's royal paramour, which contained sixteen American bullets. He gazed sternly, affectionately, into the arrogant, patrician face, then wound the body carefully, from Cretan heel to Arab skull, in a fresh, white sarong; and placed by its side the imperial bolo. This done, he lifted eyes and hands to heaven while he implored Allah to receive the soul of Mohammed's son, who had royally and religiously died fighting Christians.

The funeral rite performed as the Koran prescribes, Enok entered the neepa hut, where two women lay dead. A third, with shattered arm and a ball in her side, was writhing in the agony of an arterial puncture. It was Minca. Enok barely glanced at her and passed out. From her tropical soul there came no audible cry. The white surgeon bound her wounds. She tore off the dressings, for they might be devil work. Then she sat looking stoically into the bright day, waiting for death.

The End of Ali

A week later the merchants of Zamboanga gave a public celebration for McCoy and his officers, with whom they drank sweet, warm champagne at ten o'clock in the morning. They led McCoy down the main street after a "Conquering Hero" band while Johnson held a palm leaf over his head. There were speeches in the Mindanao Club by the district governor, the provincial treasurer, and the leading merchants. Everybody was treated and much money was spent because everybody saw the way clear for unprecedented prosperity.

Finally, the judge thought of toasting Ali, who, he said, "was a royal good fellow that unfortunately got in the way of progress, and had to have a hypodermic injection of gray matter."

RAILROADS AND POPULAR UNREST

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

THE East has been increasingly conscious of West winds. The storm in reality began rising years ago, but it is only within a year that it has reached cyclonic proportions as far eastward as Washington. There have recently been quakings even in the superstructure of the Capitol.

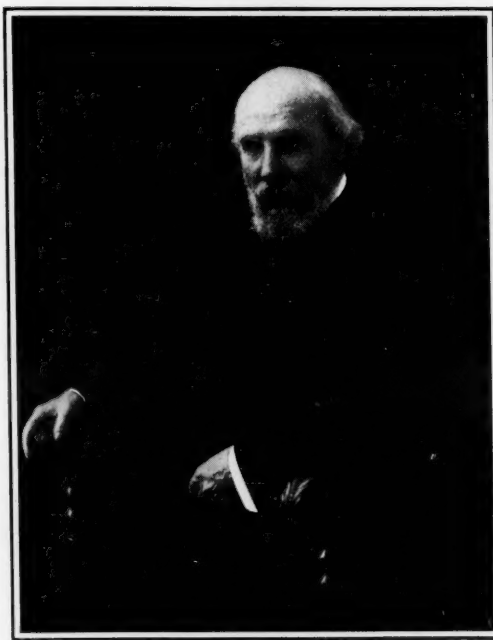
For the present storm of political and social unrest is essentially Western in its origin. Broadly speaking, the East is conservative and the West radical; the East is rich, while the West is relatively poor. Finally, the East reasons where the West feels, and progress or at least the demand for progress springs more naturally from emotion than from logic.

Bryanism, for example, was right in its feeling, however mistaken it may have been in its reasoning. Without Bryan and the essence of the thing that he stood for, not free silver, but what men call "democracy" or "liberty" or "freedom," we could not have had Folk of Missouri or La Follette of Wisconsin or Tom Johnson of Cleveland. Without that spirit we should not have had bossism overthrown last fall in Philadelphia or Jerome elected in New York. And think how impossible it would have been four years ago for a President of the United States to have written such a message as Mr. Roosevelt sent last winter to the Congress. It would have been declared revolutionary; and yet to-day the President undoubtedly lags behind rather than leads the sentiment of the country. Bryan is more largely responsible for Roosevelt than many people imagine.

After the downfall of the free-silver issue, public opinion rapidly assumed new forms. In one direction it expressed its conviction that conditions were wrong by pursuing political grafters and overturning boss-rule, but its most important, because fundamental, development lay in the discovery of the remarkable relationships existing between business and government. In many parts of the country, quite independently, it began to examine the connection of corporations with the State, and particularly corporations having to do with highways. Pingree fought in Michigan for proper railroad taxation. La Follette won in Wisconsin on a railroad issue. Tom Johnson contested the highway question in Cleveland. The movement to-day has no higher ideal than that of free highways. All the problems of the cities, whether of street cars, gas, electric lights, or telephones, or of the political corruption which grows out of the relation of public service corporations to the city government, are in reality problems of the right to use the people's streets. City problems are street problems. And the problem in the States, and the corruption of State Government, is distinctly the problem of the railroad. Almost all economic questions of importance in this country to-day are based upon and lead back to the problem of the highway.

The Early Days of Railroads

When the railroads appeared as a new sort of public road, the State immediately assumed its customary attitude of supervision and maintenance. Besides delegating its extraordinary right to condemn private property for public uses, without which no railroads



JAMES J. HILL

"We have lashed ourselves into a fever that has become epidemic. It will have to have its run"

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could ever have been built, it assisted the early railroad companies with liberal grants of money and of land.

But one vital difference exists between the wagon road and the railroad. Upon a wagon road any one may operate any sort of a vehicle; but the railroad, by its very nature, requires that both the highway and the vehicles used upon it shall be operated by the same person. The early English law treated the railroad like a turnpike; any one was privileged to operate cars upon the common track. Even in early American charters like that of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, granted in 1827, two separate charges are provided, the first a toll for the use of the rail highway, like the toll on the old pike roads, and the second, a rate for the use of the vehicle. Our ancestors not only recognized the railroad as a highway, but deemed it essential to fix the tolls for its use.

As the easiest way to secure railroads, the various States delegated their fundamental rights and duties by means of charters to individual citizens. Such power as was then unimagined was thus lightly disposed in private hands. In the same way the old kings delegated certain powers of the State for road building and

tax collecting to the old barons, with the result that the barons soon became too powerful for the king.

And the history of the railroad problem is the history of the gradual arrogation of sovereignty by the railroad "baron." Instead of remaining a mere common carrier operating a highway, behold such a railroad as the Pennsylvania System! The list of its activities is little short of amazing. It could surely never have occurred to our forefathers that railroad companies would need to conduct hotels, restaurants, and warehouses, to operate ferries, ships, cab lines, and trucking lines, but inasmuch as all of these seem to be the natural and necessary outgrowths of the transportation business they need not here be considered. But the Pennsylvania System, ostensibly serving the simple purpose of maintaining a highway and operating cars upon it, has come to own two large steel plants where it manufactures and sells steel; it owns many coal mines and digs and sells coal; it owns or controls several real estate companies, and sells land and houses; it owns elevators for grain storage; it is interested in stockyards and ice plants; it owns telephone and telegraph lines; it has invested in street railway companies; and finally, and more important than any other one thing, it has become an enormous investment enterprise with funds far greater than those of many States. By this last device, as remarkable as it would have been unimaginable to our ancestors, this Pennsylvania highway company has secured control of many other highway companies in Ohio, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, and elsewhere, so that it may order what shall be the rate on all these various roads, and may decide whether Ohio shall prosper or whether Maryland shall grow to greatness. And finally the Pennsylvania Company has become a force in the political destinies of many cities, States, and even of the nation itself. From a creature of government, it is now almost a government in itself, working out to perfection the idea of governmental ownership of public utilities. Now, I am not finding fault with this development of the Pennsylvania Company. I am merely calling attention to the facts.

The old pike road was open to every man, rich or poor, who wished to use it. It was quite as free to the peasant with his donkey as to the prince with his coach and four.

When the State delegated the right to control the highway to a private person it delegated also the duty to preserve justice as between the citizens who used that highway. When the railroad man accepted the powers granted by the State, he hereby obligated himself to treat every man, rich or poor, exactly alike.

Did he do it?

Rates and Discrimination

He did not. He could not resist the temptations of power. He gave one shipper a lower rate than another on the common highway, he favored one town, or one commodity over another. It is not necessary to inquire here why he did it, whether it was because he personally liked one shipper better than another, or to build up the country along his road, or to beat a rival road-owner, or whether he was forced against his will to make concessions.

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RAILROADS AND POPULAR UNREST
(Continued from page 19)

Suffice it to say that he did make discriminations between persons and places on the common road, and that, when you come to think of it, is one of the greatest offenses that could be committed in a Democratic State.

Let us see how it worked out. Several prosperous oil merchants were located upon a particular road. To one of them the keeper of the highway gave a secret low rate. The favored oil merchant could thus ship his goods with profit, and others could not. In no very long time, therefore, the favored oil merchant swallowed up all the other oil merchants.

The same process went on in other industries. It was as if the highway-keeper gave one beef-packer, for example, the right to build a gate across the road in front of his packing house through which he allowed all vehicles to pass freely except those of rival beef and pork merchants and fruit carriers. Monopolistic shippers stand thus along the public road and dictate who shall and who shall not ship goods in the keeper's vehicles. And finally, so rich have these favored oil merchants, steel merchants, sugar merchants, beef merchants and others become through their ability to control the highway, that they have turned about and rooted out the very railroad men upon whose favors they grew to power. Many of the most important railroads of the country are now the private possessions, not of trained railroad men, but of oil and steel merchants, of bankers and lawyers. And these men are not so far different from the ancient barons who kept guard on the highway, protected their own coaches, and levied upon every other traveler according to what his traffic would bear.

What has been the effect of such power upon the highway-keepers themselves? They began as simple servants of the State; how do they now regard themselves? In the recent struggle for the control of the Wabash, George J. Gould said to President Ramsey of that company, who had ventured to criticize the Gould methods:

"Ramsey, can't I manage my own property as I please?"

This was a *highway* of which he was speaking.

Let the Public Walk, or be —

Take another example. In a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission, Milton H. Smith, president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, was on the stand. He was asked by the Commissioner:

"Your objection comes to this, that there ought to be no authority anywhere, which has power to inquire whether a rate on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad is reasonable or unreasonable?"

Mr. Smith replied: "That is my position."

The Commissioner then asked: "You say that the Government ought to leave you and the shipper who resides at those places free to contract. Now, that shipper is obliged to pay whatever you charge?"

"No," said Mr. Smith.

The Commissioner asked: "What could he do?"

Mr. Smith answered: "He could walk."

In other words, let the people walk—if they will not submit. This is not the attitude of all railroad men; but the spirit is widely prevalent. The highway-keeper, grown powerful, has come to regard the road which he was appointed to care for as his own personal belonging, to do with as he pleases; and if the people, who gave him his power, do not like his charges, why, they can walk!

"The public be damned!" remarked the original Vanderbilt.

One of the ablest and broadest railroad men in this country is James J. Hill. He is one of the few men trained in railroads who retains a commanding position as a railroad owner. He has done great and undoubted service to the country through which his railroads operate. And yet that country from Minnesota to the Pacific is not free; it is all but governed and controlled, not by State governments, not by the people, but by the highway-keeper, Mr. Hill. Hill's influence is dominant in industry and in politics. He gives or withholds as suits his individual will; he builds up or tears down. A politician who does not please him, he crushes; a town that favors him, he rewards. For example, a little town I know of called Wayzata, in Minnesota, objected to trains running through its streets at fifty miles an hour, and demanded that they be slowed down. There was no controversy, no place of appeal. Mr. Hill simply moved the Wayzata station half a mile out of the town and set it in a swamp and made the people walk to it. Thus they were punished. On the other hand, the town of Princeton, Minnesota, was pleasing in the sight of Mr. Hill. It was also the home of Bob Dunn, the former Republican boss of the State. Princeton, therefore, obtained one of the hand-somest stations on the railroad. Similarly, Mr. Hill absolutely controls the destiny of the Northern Pacific Coast cities. He can say which shall grow and which shall not.

I wish to quote an extract from the Senate hearings of last spring, to show the air, the attitude, the paternalism of the railroad owner. Mr. Hill was testifying as to lumber rates from the Pacific Coast:

"Now, I called the people together," he said. "All the trade they had was what went out by the sea. I called them together and asked them what rate they could pay. I said: 'You are paying ninety cents a hundred to Lake Superior or to the Twin Cities.' They said, if we could make it sixty-five cents, which was a reduction of twenty-five cents a hundred, that would be perfectly satisfactory. I knew they could not ship anything at that rate, and we made them a rate of forty cents a hundred on fir."

A Good Baron of the Highway

Mr. Hill is the sort of a baron who in olden times would have been called good, and that is much in a country where there are many not so good. He really loves his Northwest. It is his home; he knows the people, they are his neighbors and friends. And yet he thinks it right to tax these Northwesterners with such rates that he could cut down his freight income by forty per cent and still make money. Does this seem an exaggeration? Let me quote from a sober financial review in the "Wall Street Journal" of April 25, 1905.

"Let Mr. Hill decide to . . . cut his revenues to the actual fixed charges. Great Northern has only to earn about \$5,000,000 to meet charges. He could cut forty per cent from his freight receipts and still make money."

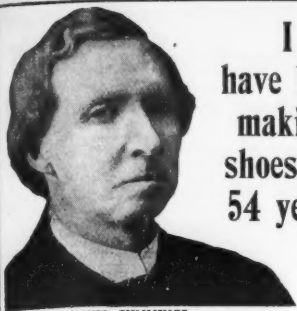
Mr. Hill's dividends are among the highest in the country—seven per cent. And yet in 1905 the profits of the road were about twenty per cent on the capitalization, so that the "Wall Street Journal" speaks of "cutting a melon" for the stockholders whenever Mr. Hill is ready to do it. And this does not, of course, take into consideration the enormous additional profits which have accrued to Mr. Hill and his associates through the rise in the market price of their stocks.

Mr. Hill is thus paternally kind to the lumbermen; he has been most benevolent in his efforts to develop the Northwest—and takes extravagant profits for doing it.

Mr. Hill is a very great man. James Bryce, when he came to this country, said of the railroad kings that they were the "greatest men in America." I sat in the United States Senate Committee room at Washington last May and listened to Mr. Hill's testimony. After he had told of the development of the Northwest and explained the theory of railroads, he concluded the whole matter in these words:

"Well, now, Senator . . . the law of the survival of the fittest is a natural law that we can safely adopt."

I saw him there, big-shouldered, keen-eyed; a man powerful of body and brain, of courage, force, daring, endowed with the supreme gift of the constructive imagination; and he was glorifying the old savage law of the jungle—the law of force, not of justice; the law of unrestrained greed, not of mercy. Think what such a man might accomplish if he served the State!



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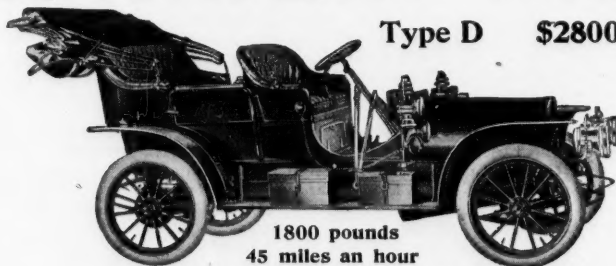
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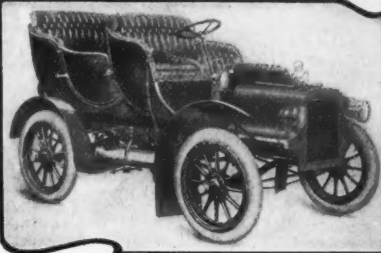
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RAILROADS AND POPULAR UNREST

(Continued from page 20)

May I quote again from Mr. Smith, president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, who, in the Senate hearing last spring, laid down these three principles as the point of view of railroad men? He said:

"First—The capital of railways is the aggregation of capital of numerous industries; therefore individuals own the railroads.

"Second—Selfishness is the incentive to human endeavor.

"Third—Society, as organized, permits each fellow to get what the other fellow has, if he can."

These are railroad principles!

Another millionaire, destined perhaps to be the greatest of all railroad owners, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in a speech at Brown University:

"The American Beauty rose can be produced in all its splendor only by sacrificing the early buds that grow up around it. The rose has one thousand buds, and in order to produce the American Beauty the gardener goes around it with a knife and snips nine hundred and ninety-nine in order that all the strength and beauty may be forced into one bloom."

And he is that bloom!

We have one more inquiry to make before we shall understand the spirit of radicalism. We have seen the attitude of the railroad "baron"; how do the people feel toward the self-proclaimed fit?

A railroad man once said to me: "No matter what we do, the people suspect us." That is exactly the truth. It was not so much the extortion of the stamp and tea taxes of ante-revolutionary days that stirred our forefathers, as it was the principles upon which they were levied. To-day we hear comparatively little of extortionate railroad rates; not so much as we ought to. We hear much of the favoritisms and discriminations of these great "barons." We hear of unequal taxes on wheat, oranges, coal, and if the shipper thinks he is wronged there is no place of appeal except to the puissant "baron" himself. He can not get changes because of any inherent right or upon the ground of justice; he must frame his demand to please the ear of the autocrat. He must supplicate for favors. He does not dare to stand up boldly and demand justice. The West asks what sort of citizenship can be expected to spring from such a soil!

The Great Barons Are Difficult of Access

And it is even difficult now for a citizen who thinks he is wronged to get to the "baron" to present his case! The small "barons" have been crushed by the great ones, who dwell in distant places, and whose ears are closed that they may not hear. This feeling was well expressed in one of the Texas cattle cases heard in Denver last winter by the Interstate Commerce Commission. A cattleman named Bell was testifying as to his complaints against the railroads, and he spoke of how hard it was for a shipper to get a hearing. Addressing the attorney of the Union Pacific, he said:

"You had all the doors locked to me this summer, and I have not been very close to you. . . . I have had Mr. Monroe [vice-president of the Union Pacific Railroad] say to me in years gone by: 'Bell, we look on you as a friend. If you see anything irregular report it.' . . . There is nothing in God's world that would make me, as a shipper of stock, feel better and keep my head clearer than to know that I could go to a railway man, and he had my interests at heart. But it is not so the last few years, and it is getting colder and colder all the time."

No one understands this feeling better than the wiser railroad men themselves. Joseph Ramsey, Jr., ex-president of the Wabash Railroad, said to the Senate Committee:

"I think if the old-fashioned way of short-line railways and the principal people connected with them located in a circumscribed territory were in effect to-day, you would hear fewer complaints. There is nothing which does away with the trouble and complaints so effectually as communication between the high mucky-muck and the complainants. Sometimes, if they have a little talk with the president of the road, or the chairman of the board, or somebody like James J. Hill, they go away feeling happy, and the result of the old-fashioned way was that the men in control and management of the property were largely a local institution, and naturally they were closer to the people. Now the people say: 'Well, these gentlemen down in New York do not care anything for us.'"

Both of these statements strike the true note. This feeling down deep in the hearts of the people, and of the West especially, that conditions are wrong, wrong fundamentally; that we are getting away from democratic relationships and democratic ideals; that we are taxed without representation by absentee "barons,"—this feeling is the true basis of the present spirit of radicalism.

"I do not think," said Governor Cummins, speaking of the people of Iowa, "that they have examined the details of things. They simply go straight to the vital point."

There Will Have to Be a Change

And this belief that conditions are wrong and that some change must be made has spread from the West until it is abroad all over this country. A few years ago a man who had \$10,000 worth of property was a staunch conservative; to-day the tide of radicalism has risen until men of large means are demanding changes. For the gulf between a two-hundred-thousand-dollar man and a Rockefeller is to-day far greater than that which divides the man of modest fortune and the daily wage-earner. In Western clubs, composed almost wholly of men of no inconsiderable means, views are expressed that two or three years ago would have been regarded as the extreme of Socialism. Railroad men apparently have no conception of the depth and earnestness of this feeling. To the average railroad president the existing agitation is an amazing unreality; he can neither understand it nor give it due weight, though he fully appreciates the dangers that it threatens. Nor is this attitude of mind at all surprising, for to the railroad president the system is the reasonable growth of well-defined conditions; every freight rate has its own evident cause, every discrimination is invested with a sort of logical inevitability. That the blundering public, not knowing a tariff from a differential, should attempt to adjust his intricate machine, seems to him the extreme of folly.

We find James J. Hill comparing the agitation contemptuously to an attack of the "pink-eye or the grip."

"We have lashed ourselves," he explained to the Senate Committee, "into a fever that has become epidemic. It will have to have its run."

It is having its run now, and where it will run to no one can tell.

"Radicalism means root work." In curing these evils which have become so much a part of us it may be that we shall have to go farther, and cut deeper, perhaps, than we now imagine. The East especially fears root work. The strongest argument the railroad owners use is that any disturbance of present transportation conditions will "work a commercial revolution." In its essence their argument is this: "Do not disturb wrong, because it will hurt business."

But the West has come clearly to the understanding of one thing: that the railroad must be returned to its original and historic function as a highway; that it must be made the neutral channel of commerce, "open to all on equal terms."

Should Congress fail to pass the necessary laws to accomplish this result, to control the railroad, there can be no doubt that radical public opinion is prepared to take the next step and ask for the same complete Governmental ownership of railroads which we now exercise over our public roads.

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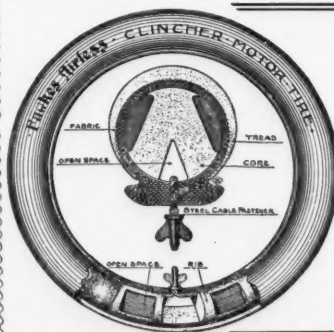
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